

The Oracle

Miss Mary C. Pittman -

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THE ORACLE



DEDICATION

D This volume of THE ORACLE is dedicated to Miss Rosa Lea Jackson, Dean of Athens College, as an expression of the high esteem in which she is held by the student body as a friend, an instructor, and a scholar. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡



Miss Rosa Lea Jackson
Dean

A Fond Farewell



Tae me it seems but yestere'en
Sin' first ye cam amang us;
But mony months have fled, I ween,
And now ye're ganging fram us.
We'll miss fu' sair our bonny Dean;
We'll miss ye gentle laughter;
We'll miss the sparkle of ye een;
We'll miss ye voice that's safter.

We ken some days o'er stony ways
Ye tired steps hae wandered;
Ye've had your fears, and sometimes tears,
And ye've had briefs tae ponder.
Sometimes, I ween, our frowns ye've seen;
Our luve's aft been unspoken;
And mony a glance, like pointed lance,
Has pierced without luve's token.



But ye've been ours, and we've been yours;
We've eaten salt thegither;
We've told our griefs; we've ope'd the doors—
Our hearts—tae ane anither.
We canna' dream how it will seem
Nae mair tae meet at table,
Nor in "the line," like auld lang syne;
It seems unreal—a fable—

Tae meet nae mair at even prayer,
Nae mair in hall or street,
At noontide bright or dim twilight,
Amid our lassies sweet.
But when we pairt, tho' sair at heart,
We'll smile amid our tears;
The prayer of luve we'll waft abuve
Tae speed the pairting years;
And aft at eventide we'll pray:
"God grant we meet again some day."

MARY N. MOORE.

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In Memoriam

When on November 5, 1909, the soul of our dear Florence Brown slipped quietly away from its earthly habitation, the life work of one of God's truest, bravest, and most generous children was terminated.

The affection engendered of more than four years of constant daily association is too deep, and the sense of personal loss too great, for me to write of her beautiful young life without the deepest emotion; yet I wish to record some tribute to one whose memory is a sweet inspiration to me, even while her loss is an inconsolable sorrow.

In the fall of 1905 Florence Brown came to us an earnest student; and, although only sixteen years of age, her maturity of thought, dignified deportment, and conscientious discharge of every duty placed upon her, so impressed us that, having learned that she wished to take up office work, and a vacancy occurring in our office, she was offered the position of secretary to this writer; and so acceptably did she fill the place, at the time of her death, although a girl in years, she practically had control of the financial affairs of the college, as far as the office routine was concerned.

Miss Brown was born in Chicago, of English and Canadian parentage; was educated in the Chicago high schools, supplemented by one year as a student at Athens and a course in the Gregg Commercial School, Chicago.

She was an only child, and her splendidly developed and unspoiled character, her unselfish regard for others, and her piety and deep reverence for all sacred and holy subjects, are an indestructible testimony to the wisdom of her parents and the sincerity of their religious life. Early in her young life she united with the Presbyterian Church, and not so much by public protestation, but by that best of all tests of the Christian life—her daily walk and conversation—she gave evidence of her confidence in the faith that was within her.

When the sickness which so grievously afflicted Athens College came upon us, some one asked Miss Brown if she were going home. Her response was characteristic of the loyalty and devotion that burned within her heart when she laughingly said: "No, I am going to remain and run the school." Even at that moment the disease had her in its clutches, and just twelve days later the Father took her to her eternal home.

We sorely miss her cheery, happy presence, her unusually developed sense of humor, her companionship and loving friendship; but by faith in Christ Jesus some day we hope to slip away to join our dear ones who have "crossed the bar," and there we expect to find again this loving, brave, unselfish, noble-hearted girl.

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G. E. L. S.

CLARK, VIOLA - - - - - New Decatur
G. E. L. S.

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J. C. L. S.

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J. C. L. S.

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'Varsity, '09.

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CRAWFORD, ANNA PURYEAR, '13 A.B. - - - Athens
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Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; A. A. A.

DAVIS, CATHERINE - - - - - Birmingham
D. K. P.; G. E. L. S.; Glee Club, '10.

DAVIS, ROBBIE - - - - - Birmingham
G. E. L. S.; A. A. A.; Y. W. C. A.

DIAZ, ELODIA, '12 A.B. - - - - - Mexico
J. C. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; Athenian Board, '10;
Double Three

DINSMORE, ANNA VIRGINIA, '12 A.B. - - - - - Falkville
L. B. A.; Oracle Board, '09, '10; Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L.
S.; A. A. A.; Doo Dollies.

DOWNEY, EVELYN - - - - - Birmingham
G. E. L. S.; A. A. A.; Glee Club, '10.

DOWNEY, REGINA - - - - - Knoxville, Tenn.
G. E. L. S.; A. A. A.

DUKE, IDA HUNTER, '11 B.S. - - - - - Birmingham
L. B. A.; Y. W. C. A.; 'Varsity, '09, '10; Class Secre-
tary, '11; Class Basket Ball, '08, '09, '10; A. A. A.; Jolly
Bachelors; Kimono Klub; G. E. L. S.; M. F. A.; Doo
Dollies.

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K. O. S.; G. E. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; Glee Club, '10.

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J. C. L. S.

FAUST, LOLA - - - - - Jasper
J. C. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; Glee Club, '10; A. A. A.;
Sub Basket Ball.

FLOYD, PATTIE - - - - - Ashland
J. C. L. S.; A. A. A.; Y. W. C. A.

GARLOCH, FLORENCE - - - - - Garden City, Kan.
J. C. L. S.; A. A. A.

GARNICA, CARMELITA - - - - - South America
G. E. L. S.; A. A. A.; Sub Basket Ball; Fair Japonica.

GATLIN, MAMIE - - - - - Bethel, Tenn.
J. C. L. S.

GREENE, ELMINA - - - - - Conyers, Ga.
J. C. L. S.; Glee Club, '10; A. A. A.

GRIFFITH, MARGARET EVA, '12 A.B. - - - - - Hoke's Bluff
L. B. A.; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., '10; Class Medal,
'09; Music Medal, '09; G. E. L. S.; A. A. A.; Kimono
Klub.

GRIGSBY, CORINNE - - - - - Athens

GRUBBS, MABEL VIRGINIA - - - - - Decatur
G. E. L. S.; A. A. A.

GRUBBS, MARIANNE - - - - - Decatur
G. E. L. S.; A. A. A.; Glee Club, '10; Fair Japonica.

HARRIS, FLORENCE - - - - - Birmingham
J. C. L. S.; A. A. A.; Y. W. C. A.; Glee Club, '10.

HARRIS, INEZ, '13 A.B. - - - - - Red Bay
G. E. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A. A.

HATCHETT, NELLE - - - - - Athens
J. C. L. S.

HAYES, EUNICE DOROTHY - - - - - Helena
G. E. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A. A.; Fair Japonica.

HERNDON, EINNAN - - - - - Vernon
J. C. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A. A.

HERTZLER, FRANKYE, '12 A.B. - - - - - Madison
J. C. L. S.; L. B. A.; A. A. A.

HIGHTOWER, ETHEL MAE, '13 A.B. - - - - - Athens
J. C. L. S.

HODO, ETHEL, '12 B.S. - - - - - Millport
A. A. A.; G. E. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.

HODO, WINNIE - - - - - Millport
A. A. A.; G. E. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.

HOWARD, HELEN, '11 A.B. - - - - - Birmingham
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'09, '10; President of Class, '11; Athenian Board, '09;
Oracle Board, '10; Class Medal, '09; Double Three; M.
F. A.; A. A. A.; Y. W. C. A.

HOWARD, RUTH, '12 A.B. - - - - - Birmingham
J. C. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A. A.; Class Basket Ball,
'10; Spectators; Fair Japonica.

HUFFSTUTLER, ELOISE, '13 B.S. - - - - - Sulligent
G. E. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A. A.; Freshman
Basket Ball.

HUGHES, SCOTTIE - - - - - Wilmar, Ark.
D. K. P.; J. C. L. S.; A. A. A.

IGON, ALTA - - - - - Athens

IGON, JENNIE - - - - - Athens
G. E. L. S.

IRVINE, EMILY - - - - - Athens
J. C. L. S.

IRVINE, AGNES - - - - - Athens

JACKSON, MATTIE ALLEN - - - - - Iuka, Miss.
L. B. A.; G. E. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A. A.

JACKSON, NELLIE - - - - - Atlanta, Ga.
G. E. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A. A.

JONES, EVA - - - - - Athens
Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.

JONES, RUTH - - - - - Athens
Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.

KELLY, AURORA, '13 B.S. - - - - - Huntsville
J. C. L. S.

KENNEDY, EMMA - - - - - Illinois
L. B. A.; A. A. A.; J. C. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.

KEY, JOSEPHINE, '11 A.B. - - - - - Russellville
Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; Class Basket Ball, '09, '10;
A. A. A.; M. F. A.; Double Three.

KEY, MARY CLARE, '12 A.B. - - - - - Russellville
Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; A. A. A.; Spectators; Class
Basket Ball, '10; Athenian Board, '09; Oracle Board, '10.

KING, SALLIE MAE, '13 A.B. - - - - - Elkton, Tenn.
J. C. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.

KING, SUSIE BLANCHE - - - - - Florence
J. C. L. S.

KNOX, LUCILE - - - - - Birmingham
Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.

LEE, LOIS - - - - - Brundidge
G. E. L. S.; A. A. A.

LEE, MITTIE, '11 B.S. - - - - - Glen Allen
G. E. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A. A.

LEETH, ALMA, '11 A.B. - - - - - Cullman
D. K. P.; J. C. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; Athenian Board, '09;
Oracle Board, '10; Class Basket Ball, '09, '10; A. A. A.;
M. F. A.; Double Three.

LEVIE, FLORA ELIZABETH, '13 B.S. - - - Goodwater
J. C. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A. A.; Class Basket Ball,
'10; Doo Dollies.

LEWIS, MYRTHA - - - - - Sweetwater
J. C. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A. A.

LOWE, CARRYE - - - - - Hazel Greene
K. O. S.; J. C. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; Glee Club, '10; A. A. A.

MARLOWE, LENA - - - - - Oneonta
Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; Glee Club, '10; A. A. A.

MARLOWE, PEARLE, '12 A.B. - - - - - Oneonta
Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; Glee Club, '10; A. A. A.

MASTIN, ETTA, '11 A.B. - - - - - Huntsville
L. B. A.; Glee Club, '09, '10; A. A. A.; J. C. L. S.;
Y. W. C. A.

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A. A. A.; J. C. L. S.; Basket Ball, '10; Y. W. C. A.

McCARY, HALLIE EDNA - - - - - Huntsville
D. K. P.; J. C. L. S.; Glee Club, '09, '10; A. A. A.

McCLURE, HAZEL - - - - - Wilmar, Ark.
D. K. P.; J. C. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A. A.; Sub Basket
Ball; Glee Club, '10.

McCOY, MARJORIE, '12 - - - - - Athens
J. C. L. S.

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G. E. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; Glee Club, '10.

McDONALD, JESSYE - - - - - Athens

McGLAWN, ALMA - - - - - Athens
J. C. L. S.

McGLAWN, NELLE - - - - - Athens

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'Varsity, '10; A. A. A.

MEALING, NELLE - - - - - Birmingham
J. C. L. S.

MILLER, RUTH, '13 A.B. - - - - - Cullman
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G. E. L. S.; A. A. A.; Y. W. C. A.

MITCHELL, EDNA, '13 A.B. - - - - - Goodman, Miss.
J. C. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A. A.

MORTON, EMMETT - - - - - Russellville
J. C. L. S.; Glee Club, '10.

MOORE, LUCY THOMASON - - - - - Ocala, Fla.
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O'NEAL, FRANCES - - - - - Bolton, Miss.
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J. C. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; Athenian Board, '10;
Kimono Klub.

PECK, DIALTHA ONA, '12 - - - - - Somerville
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PERSINGER, MARY BOYD, '12 A.B. - - - - - Birmingham
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PETTUS, GLADYS - - - - - Athens

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J. C. L. S.; President of Class, '13.

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J. C. L. S.

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ROCHELL, ODELL - - - - - Athens

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Oracle Board, '10; J. C. L. S.

ROGERS, NELLE - - - - - Athens

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G. E. L. S.; A. A. A.

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G. E. L. S.

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J. C. L. S.

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SCARBOROUGH, DEE, '13 - - - - - White Plains
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K. O. S.; J. C. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; Librarian, '10;
A. A. A.

SELF, ELIZABETH, '12 A.B. - - - - - Laurel, Miss.
K. O. S.; President of Class, '12; J. C. L. S.; Athenian
Board, '09; Oracle Board, '10; Y. W. C. A.; Double
Three.

SHELBY, LILLIAN - - - - - Riverton
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G. E. L. S.

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J. C. L. S.

SMITH, BONNIE - - - - - Athens
J. C. L. S.

SMITH, BESSIE - - - - - Athens

STANTON, HELEN - - - - - Mobile
J. C. L. S.; A. A. A.

STURDIVANT, SADIE LOUISE, '12 A.B. - - - Bessemer
L. B. A.; Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; Athenian Board, '10;
Doo Dollies; Jolly Bachelors.

SYFRETT, IDA - - - - - Birmingham
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D. K. P.; J. C. L. S.; Secretary of Y. W. C. A., '10;
Double Three; M. F. A.

TONY, MARIE - - - - - Madison
J. C. L. S.; A. A. A.; Fair Japonica.

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J. C. L. S.

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Glee Club, '10; A. A. A.

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VANN, ELIZABETH - - - - - Athens
G. E. L. S.

VANN, ADDIE WAE - - - - - Pratt City
K. O. S.; G. E. L. S.

VANN, MAE, '13 A.B. - - - - - Pratt City
G. E. L. S.; K. O. S.

WALSTON, KATHARINE LOUISE, '12 A.B. - Birmingham
J. C. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A. A.

WASHINGTON, LUELLA - - - - - Wainsville
J. C. L. S.

WARTEN, LOUISE - - - - - Athens
G. E. L. S.

WARTEN, MATSIE - - - - - Athens

WADSWORTH, ESTHER, '13 A.B. - - - - Birmingham
D. K. P.; J. C. L. S.

WARE, DONIE - - - - - Trussville
G. E. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.

WEATHERLY, MARJORIE - - - - - Huntsville

WEATHERLY, MILDRED - - - - - Huntsville
G. E. L. S.

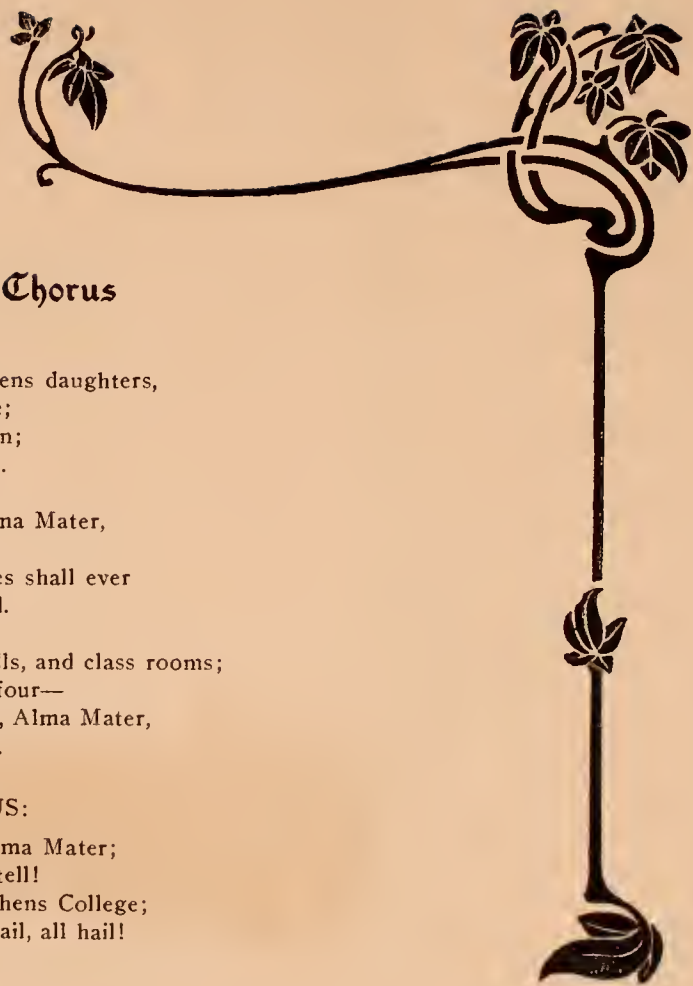
WEBB, CLEO - - - - - Langston
G. E. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.

WILLIAMSON, MATTIE, '13 - - - - - Oxford
G. E. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.

WITT, FLORENCE - - - - - Athens
J. C. L. S.

WITT, ADDIE MAY - - - - - Athens
J. C. L. S.





Alumnae Chorus

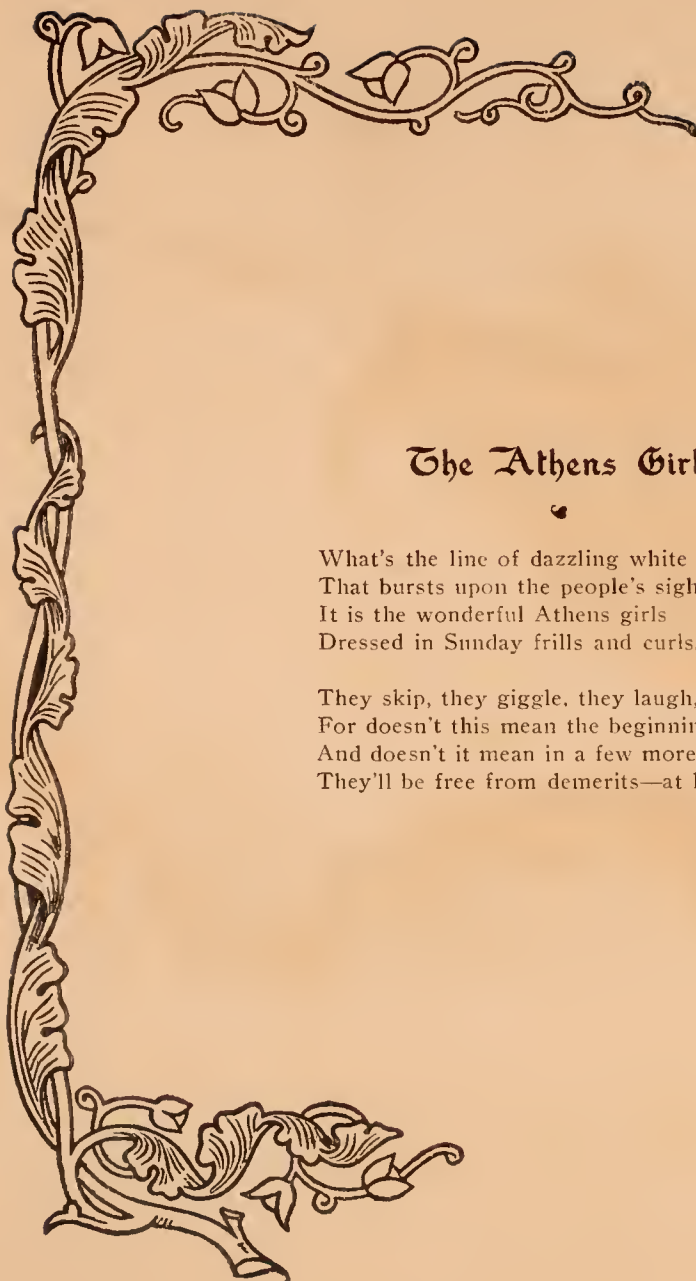
Come, ye band of Athens daughters,
Lift a song of praise;
Join in joyful adoration;
Grateful voices raise.

How we love thee, Alma Mater,
We can never tell;
But thy daughters' lives shall ever
Sing thy praises well.

Thy green campus, halls, and class rooms;
Thy great columns four—
Though we leave them, Alma Mater,
We shall still adore.

CHORUS:

Sing to Athens, Alma Mater;
Loud her praises tell!
Hail to thee, O Athens College;
Hail to thee—all hail, all hail!



The Athens Girls



What's the line of dazzling white
That bursts upon the people's sight?
It is the wonderful Athens girls
Dressed in Sunday frills and curls.

They skip, they giggle, they laugh, they sing;
For doesn't this mean the beginning of spring?
And doesn't it mean in a few more months
They'll be free from demerits—at least for once?
H. McCARY.



Senior Class

OFFICERS

ELIZABETH TAYLOR	- - - - -	President
SUSIE GLENN	- - - - -	Vice President
MABEL WATERS	- - - - -	Secretary
PEARLE SAWYER	- - - - -	Treasurer
IRENE MERKEL	- - - - -	Poet
BERNICE RODEN	- - - - -	Prophet
PEARLE SAWYER	- - - - -	Giftorian
OZIE YORK	- - - - -	Historian

Colors

Red and White.

Motto

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"



("Sugar Glenn.")

SUSIE HERNDON GLENN, A.B.,
Decatur, Ala.

"Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness."

"Sugar Glenn," also known as "Baby," enjoys the distinction of being the smallest member of her class. Always has a kind word for every one, and stands up for what she thinks is right. Is ever loyal to old Athens College and the Class of '10. Is rather fond of "eats," and was never known to miss a meeting of the Kimono Klub. Intends to return to Athens next year and take a "post" course in music.

K. O. S.; Vice President of Class, '10; Treasurer of Athens Athletic Association, '10; Class Basket-Ball Team, '10; Treasurer of G. E. L. S., '10; Kimono Klub; Y. W. C. A.



("Rene.")

IRENE HUNTINGDON MERKEL, B.S.,
Birmingham, Ala.

"What the hammer, what the chain,
Knit thy strength, and forged thy brain?"

"Rene" loves a good time, but always uses reason and good judgment. Is a "shark" in Mathematics. A devoted worshiper at the shrine of Morpheus. Rather hard to get acquainted with; but once you know her, you can but be her friend. Voted the brightest girl in school.

L. B. A.; Editor in Chief of Oracle; Vice President of G. E. L. S.; President of Athletic Association, '10; Class Medal, '07, '08, '09; Glee Club, '09; Class Basket Ball, '07, '08, '09, '10; Class Poet, '10; Y. W. C. A.; Jolly Bachelors; Kimono Klub.



(" Red.")

BERNICE RODEN, English Certificate,
Collinsville, Ala.

" I never saw
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
So sweet a character."

" Red " is one of the most popular girls in college. Wears a smile that makes you feel better for having met her. Rather fond of a certain member of the Sophomore Class. Plays well and practices most of her time, as she expects to get a diploma this year. Voted the most polite girl in college.

K. O. S.; President of G. E. L. S.; Secretary of G. E. L. S., '09; Vice President of Y. W. C. A.; Class Prophet; Glee Club, '09; Kimono Klub.



(" Ginger.")

PEARLE MARGARET SAWYER, A.B.,
Albertville, Ala.

" Strong of will and proud."

" Ginger " is rather hot-headed. True to her friends, and will do anything for them. Likes a good joke, and proves it by a hearty laugh.

K. O. S.; Editor in Chief of Athenian, '10; Oracle, '09; Class Secretary; Giftorian of Class, '10; G. E. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; Class Basket Ball, '10; Tennis Club; Jolly Bachelors; Kimono Klub.



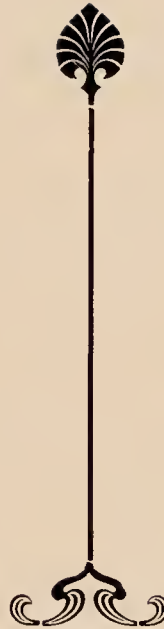
(" Beth.")

JULIA ELIZABETH TAYLOR, A.B.,
Brownsville, Tenn.

"For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind."

"Beth" hails from "Sunny Tennessee." She is one of the best-liked girls in school. A good student, and does good work. Has a genial and good-natured disposition. Rather quiet to those who do not know her. Well endowed with good looks. Voted best all-round girl in college.

L. B. A.; President of Y. W. C. A., '10; Class President; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., '09; Glee Club, '09, '10; Class Basket Ball, '10; Tennis Club; Kimono Klub; G. E. L. S.



(" Fresh Waters.")

ANNIE MABEL WATERS, English Certificate,
Birmingham, Ala.

"We needs must love the highest when we see it."

"Fresh Waters" is a pleasant girl to mix with. Never has been known to do anything very shocking. Always extremely neat in her appearance. Doesn't waste much love or time on Mathematics. Is rather good to look at.

K. O. S.; Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; Class Basket Ball, '10; Tennis Club; Assistant Editor of Athenian; Jolly Bachelors; Kimono Klub.



("Duck.")

OZIE MATILDA YORK.
Athens, Ala.

"Quiet, but deeper than you think."

"Duck" is somewhat reserved, and never obtrudes herself upon your attention. Is well endowed with gray matter, and makes fine grades. Has high aspirations. Future plans to be a Professor of Mathematics in some college.

J. C. L. S.; Class Historian; Graduate of E. D. A. S., '07.



Senior Mascots.

Class Day Greeting

WE, the Class of 1910, have at last reached one of those occasions to which we have looked forward for four long years. "Long," we may say, in one sense of the word; yet we confess that each year has had its charms, and there have been joys and triumphs which we shall ever cherish in our memory.

So on this, our Class Day, it gives us great pleasure to greet you with a hearty welcome.

Doubtless it is your interest in the dear old college, which we shall ever love and honor as our Alma Mater, which has constrained you to lend us your presence; and we are to-day proud of your hearty co-operation, and we hope that the pleasure which you shall derive from these exercises may in some measure be equal to that which the day brings to us.

This is a day whose importance to us is second only to that one on which we shall receive our hard-earned and well-won diplomas. From this time, when we plant our tree as a memorial of our class, the tie which binds us together will be knit even closer, for more fully do we realize that the time is growing short in which we shall mingle together as "just schoolgirls."

While in the past we have ever hovered near the shore of life's sea, before the lapse of a few short

months we shall find our barges launched upon its bosom.

Because we realize there will be serious problems for each of us to face, we are to-day glad to render thanks to Athens College that it has taught us the lessons of fortitude, perseverance, and the true worth of a noble character, that we might be prepared to meet those vicissitudes; and to our beloved President we wish to say that we have ever been led on to those higher things in life by the inspiration of her tenderness, sympathy, and nobility of character.

We go out into the busy world to fulfill that life purpose which some of us have cherished perhaps since childhood—not that we expect to become stars of the first magnitude in the world of genius, but that, with our smaller lights and in our simple way, we may be worthy representatives of this institution, and that from our lives there may radiate beams which will brighten some otherwise dark and lonely pathway.

You are all familiar with the fact that experience is a great teacher, and from our experience we are able to say to the Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors that the ladder which leads to a diploma is difficult to climb, and that many hours' work, inter-

persed with tears and possibly an office lecture, are sometimes needed to mount just one round; but bear in mind the fact that just one round is gained at a time, and at the summit there is a prize for which we may well strive.

So our advice is: Press onward, and in the end you shall realize that "he who waits shall have what he desires."

To the dear teachers who have ever been our refuge and our fortress we lift our hearts in gratitude, and may your lives ever be as golden cups filled with long life and happiness.

When we have left these halls, many things which we have learned will be forgotten; but though time and tide may roll forever, they can never sever the links which bind us to our Alma Mater.



Vive la Classica '10

(Air: "Vive L'Amour.")



I.

In ye days when ye maydens wore caps and ye gowns,
Vive la Classica '10,
And Athens girls' wisdom was ever renowned,
Vive la Classica '10,
A class was born of ye classical race,
Who delighted not in ye wisdom and grace,
But rather pitch ball and win in ye chase
For ye jolly Classica '10.

II.

But now as my story must truly relate,
Vive la Classica '10,
The girls of this class did all dissipate,
Vive la Classica '10,
In privileges both and "cases" fine,
And, sad to say, not to breakfast on time,
Until each must say, "Demerits are mine"—
Vive la Classica '10.

III.

And now as my song must come to an end,
Vive la Classica '10,
This class, as all others, should its name defend,
Vive la Classica '10.
'Twas the champion in ball, and tennis, too,
If not in grace and wisdom forsooth;
And now I will bid you all an adieu—
Vive la Classica '10.



Class Prophecy

IT was my first day and my first visit to New York City, and I was bent upon taking in all the sights. After fifteen years of public-school teaching, I had managed to save enough for the trip, and had promised myself an indulgence in everything offered.

Grant's tomb, Central Park, Madison Square Garden, had all been visited, and I had very nearly completed the list of sights that had been charming visitors for the last decade. What next? My mental and my financial condition rebelled at a return to Greenbrier yet. The spirit of the metropolis was in my veins, and I longed for something new. Then it was that, glancing skyward, I saw a sign on the top of a one-hundred-and-ninety-nine-story building which was a direct answer to my prayers. It read: "All Around the World in Twenty-four Hours in the Wrightless Aëroplane for \$5." Aëroplanes are things only read of in Greenbrier; so I saw a chance here to eclipse all previous sight-seers. Their manager, in his roofarge on the top of this one-hundred-and-ninety-nine-story building, promised me a great trip the next day.

"All aboard of our one-millionth-bird-power machine!" cried the conductor in his aëroplane; and we promptly sailed forth. "The first point of interest," he said, before I had time to catch my breath and adjust my veil, "is the most noted glue factory in the world, which is under the proprietorship of

Miss Susie Glenn." Why, that must be our dear little Susie of 1910 at the old Athens College. I well remembered how sticky she was in those days, and how she numbered her crushes by the score. But to go into the business in such a wholesale fashion!

Then the Atlantic! The beauty of the view, however, could not turn my thoughts from Susie and the Class of 1910. Where were they all? I was aroused from my reverie by the conductor shouting: "Liverpool! Below you get a glimpse of the city noted for its manufacturing interests. Here, too, they suffer from the same calamities which beset our American industries. At present there is a strike on at the Lacy Jabot Company which promises to threaten the neckwear of the world. The interests of the operatives are being staunchly advocated by a Miss Ozie York, who is the champion jabot maker of the world." Our Ozie! She always wore a scrap of something ornamenting the front of her collar, and always spoke enthusiastically of ours. Her love of feminine frumpgeries had claimed her at last.

Europe was passed over unnoticed. Then Asia! Just as we were in sight of Tibet, a sailor beside me mentioned the great work that was being done in this land by one of our American women—Miss Mabel Waters—in the interest of woman's rights. Mabel! Why, I remember her intense interest in our Wednesday evening Tibet study; but for her life

work! Probably some of the many advantages which women possess over men attracted her. Who knows? How I would like to have taken a drop down to see her! But the ticket did not permit of "dropovers."

Already the voice called me: "We will now take a side sail over Africa, following the course made by our President Roosevelt in years gone by. This course has been made a race track by American lecturers since then in their chase for information concerning his trip. The most famous of these seekers is I. H. Merkel, who is now making a second investigation in order to prepare a supplement for her book entitled 'The Truth About Teddy's Chase After Big Game.' " What next, I could not imagine. The mention of names unknown to me hardly reached my ears, so preoccupied was I in my thoughts of Irene. Her experience with the Oracle, no doubt, was responsible for this work.

We had even arrived over San Francisco before I recovered sufficiently to listen. "In this city the greatest trial of the century is being conducted. Mr. I. Cheatem, of the firm U. Grabem & I. Cheatem, has been convicted of the embezzlement of this firm. Rumors have reached society that the wife of Mr. Cheatem is really the responsible member of this daring scheme. Mrs. Beth Taylor Cheatem has been in the social ascent for years, and this affair was the

climax of her arrival at the top of the ladder." Surely he didn't mean our Beth, but in his description of her I could not fail to recognize a certain member of our class. Now I remember how she did not hesitate to star in her class of "History of Art," even if she received the honor at the expense of her fellow-mates. But fifteen years makes a difference.

"Chicago! Marshall Field's! Sears-Roebuck! Sawyer Bread Company!" "Did you say 'Sawyer?'" "Yes, the P. Sawyer Bread Company; bread rises while you wait;" and other wholly unknown assertions to my Greenbrier ears. Pearle did frequent the Athens Bakery in those old days, in spite of the fact that she did not have the fever excuse. If she has the old taste for bakery products, I doubt the amount of her profits.

"Soon home!" our informer cried; and I almost gave a sigh of relief. Such a day! Why, it had food for thought sufficient for a century at Greenbrier. "Here we are! The Statue of Liberty, Wall Street Exchange, and—tickets, please!"

Then "bang!" went something. "Where am I? What is it?"

"Get up!" said Mabel. "This is Class Day, and you must hustle if you get your prophecy written in time to plant that tree. March 4 is positively the last day, you know."

PROPHET, '10.

Class Poem

In the early fall of 1906,
When all the world seemed drear,
'Twas whispered in the college halls:
"Hurrah! Class '10 is here!"

"Out of the Everywhere into the Here"
Had come this mighty class
That in the future was to change
The records of the past.

Yes, "out of the Everywhere into the Here"
They came with shouts of glee;
And even the Seniors forgot to look wise,
And lost their dignity.

And Jupiter from Olympus' heights
Smiled when he saw this class;
For now quoth he: "Some fun there'll be
In rivaling my lass.

"Minerva has no show at all
In wisdom up to date.
Class '10 will smile and win the prize.
Minerva, you're too late.

"And even Juno, pure and fair,
Will blush to vie with the few
In beauty who will ever shine
As Class of '10 must do.

"The giant oaks will nod their heads,
And sigh as ne'er before,
When 1910 has passed away—
The mournful sigh: 'No more.'"

POET, '10.

History of the Class of 1910

SINCE the mind of a historian is not permitted to wander into the realm of imagination to the extent of painting our past in glowing colors, I have collected merely some facts that will reveal the true importance of our illustrious class.

Before a girl finishes the course at Athens College she has a rough and stony path to tread. The larger stones on this path are those called "demerits," "4's," and "examinations." But there are some beautiful flowers scattered here and there, and these brighten the way and hide the ugly stones. So many have been the pleasures of the past four years that the girls of the Class of 1910 are of the opinion that the flowers on their path are far more numerous than the stones.

In September, 1906, when many young girls were admitted as Freshmen, the Class of 1910 was organized. The college was in a very prosperous condition. The two previous years had been successful, and the outlook for the future was bright. And so the members of the Faculty were happy; but the "Freshies" were far happier, because we were far enough advanced to leave the subcollegiate department and to enter college. We felt that we could advance much more rapidly after this important step; and although examinations came in such quick succession, and there was a demerit ready for us every time we turned to the left or right of the path

made for us to tread, and our lessons were very difficult, yet the year passed very pleasantly and profitably; and when we left in May with certificates of promotion to the Sophomore Class, we felt that all our labor had not been in vain.

Our work as Sophomores, while very interesting and pleasant, was, nevertheless, the most difficult of any in our school life; but we were so elated over the fact that we were Sophomores, and that there were only two more years before our graduation, that we felt equal to any task. We were still more jubilant when, at the close of 1908, having successfully passed those dreadful examinations, we received our certificates of promotion.

As the Sophomore was the most difficult, the Junior was the easiest, the most pleasant, and perhaps the most successful of all the years we have spent at college. We were more contented, more inclined to take things easy, and were not quite so anxious about promotion as in previous years; and as the time when we should receive our diplomas drew near, we felt more and more our unworthiness. Thus the Junior year was marked by more earnest and careful study on our part. This made the work more pleasant. The fact that we enjoyed some privileges which we had not had before rendered the year's work more pleasant still. But with the pleasures came the sadness in the realization of the fact that

so many of our members had given up the fight and that so few were left to continue until the end.

Some of the most noted events of this year were the reception given by the Y. W. C. A. to the students and Faculty, the reception given by us to the Class of 1909, and the Seniors' Class-Day exercises. The year passed very quickly, and almost before we knew it we had our certificates of promotion to the Senior Class and were dreaming of the time in the near future when we would put on our caps and gowns.

After being admitted into the Senior Class in September, 1909, we found that this year, with all its importance, its privileges, and its many joys and pleasures, had also its sorrows and troubles. The trouble in the fall served only to cause us to redouble our energies and to make up for the lost time. It also served to bring us closer together. So we

realize, as the time for commencement draws near, that it will not be such a happy time, after all. It will mean freedom from books, it will mean rest from work and some disagreeable tasks for a while; but it will also mean the leaving of this dear old Athens College, it will mean our separation from our President and teachers and from one another. When we think of these things, we almost wish we were not Seniors, but Freshmen, and could go over our college life again. If we could, I am sure that our history would not be the same. I do not think we would receive quite so many "2's" and "3's," and there would be fewer demerits on record. There are no great deeds in our history to be written on the page of fame, but the fact that we realize the meaning and purpose of life will enable our future to be worthy of notice. Herein we are illustrious.

CLASS HISTORIAN.



Gifts

You know and think, as all must do,
That gifts are very dear,
And like to see them come to you
From friends both far and near;
But I must choose the better part
Of giving, not receiving,
And bring to each one of my class
A token of Fate's weaving.

No doubt each one of you has read
Of "Alice in Wonderland,"
And how she ate the magic bread
And changed from small to grand.
Now, by a rare good streak of luck,
This bread I did obtain,
And treasured it with utmost care
That it might work the same

For Susie.

It is, indeed, the queerest state;
But truth's in every word.
A maid there is who studies late,
And's wild o'er Math., I've heard.
Now any one so studious
Deserves immense rewards,
And so I give right here and now
This book on sines and chords

To Ozie.

For one who likes such curly hair
It really seems that Fate
Would pity take and have a care
To whom she gives it straight;
But this maid has a daily task
Of putting hers in curls,
And so I give a bunch of "kids"
To the vainest of the girls—

Bernice.



There's something that comes well to hand
For one who has to work,
And Seniors wish that it might stand
For study which they shirk;
But only favored few may have
This wondrous bag of knowledge.
It's handed down to Mabel now
To help her get through college.

A ship I'm sure will give good cheer
To our missionary to be
When she decides to leave us here
And sail across the sea.
May it resist the sounding waves
And bear her safe to land,
And carry our good wishes o'er
With Beth. to a heathen band.

And I have learned a secret deep
Which now I shall divulge:
There's one of us would rather sleep
Than in other things indulge.
So I feel it my duty clear
To present a downy bed,
With a soft and easy pillow,
Where Irene may rest her head.

May each gift fill some long-felt need;
May each girl happy be,
And may each always through life heed
This truth she's learned from me:
That happiness will always come,
And then will sadness leave,
If she is always giving,
Not waiting to receive.

Last Will and Testament of the Senior Class of 1910

WE, the members of the Senior Class of Athens College, being aware of approaching examinations which threaten the lives of us all, do here make and declare this, our last will and testament, declaring that all former wills or testaments made by us at any other time are null and void and this the only original and true copy of the said document.

First: We appoint as executors of this will those members of the class who for any reason may return next year; and if none should return, we appoint that member of the Class of 1909 who is still lingering about these halls this year and who may return next year to execute this to the letter.

Second: We declare it to be our desire that our worthy Historian shall write up in fitting terms a record of the many great achievements which we have accomplished during the four years in which we have held the "supreme power" in college life, including the glories of this present day.

Third: To the Senior Class of 1911 we give and bequeath all the dignity and honor which is attendant upon that high office; the right to appear learned, as we have done; and the pleasure of being honored by all teachers and of being "looked up to" by all students. We also give up to them the Senior row of desks and left-over books, with the injunction that they must maintain the honor and dignity of the class, as we have so worthily done this year.

Fourth: To the Sophomores we willingly give all

the advice which we have collected during our four years of college experience, hoping that it will help them to recover from their malignant disease of conceit and self-importance, so that by the time they will have reached the Class of 1912 they may be worthy to be called "Seniors."

Fifth: To the Freshmen we hereby bequeath all the toys, trinkets, dolls, gay hair ribbons, and "cases" which we may have left from the days long ago when we were called "Freshies." We also extend to them our heartfelt sympathy for the long and hard road of learning which they will have to travel before reaching the dignified position which we hold to-day.

Sixth: To the Faculty we give the right to make the tasks for the Class of 1911 as hard as, if not harder than, those they have set for us this year; and we extend to them a last formal acknowledgment of the help and indulgence which they have given to us, hoping that they will continue their sincere coöperation to the end of time.

Seventh: To all—teachers, Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen, and to all those who do not belong to any of these classes—we leave the greatest gift in our power to bestow—our memory—and, with it, the Oracle for 1910, in order that it may give them the satisfaction of seeing themselves as others see them.

And now we do hereby place our signature and seal on this, the 4th day of March, 1910.

SENIOR CLASS.

Witnesses: The two college kittens.



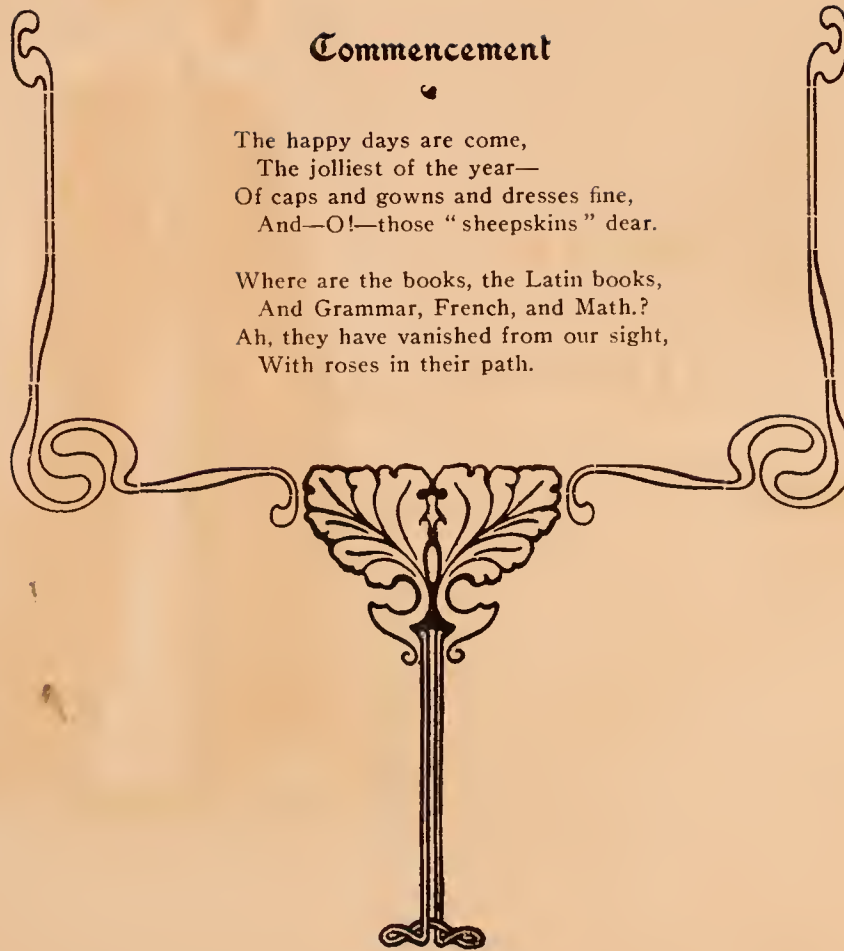
A
SENIOR'S
DREAM



Commencement

The happy days are come,
The jolliest of the year—
Of caps and gowns and dresses fine,
And—O!—those “sheepskins” dear.

Where are the books, the Latin books,
And Grammar, French, and Math.?
Ah, they have vanished from our sight,
With roses in their path.







JUNIOR
CLASS 1911

Junior Class

OFFICERS

HELEN HOWARD	President
IRENE STOVALL	Vice President
IDA DUKE	Secretary
MEMORY ALDRIDGE	Historian
JOSEPHINE KEY	Poet

MEMBERS

ALDRIDGE, MEMORY LEE, A.B. ("Merm.") "A heart as true as steel."	KEY, JOSEPHINE, A.B. ("Jo.") "A marvelous witty person, I assure you."
CURTIS, ADA, A.B. "Eyes glad with smiles."	LEETH, ALMA, A.B. "She bore a mind that envy could not but call fair."
DUKE, IDA HUNTER, B.S. ("Idaho.") "You wear your blue so chiefly in your eyes, In such a frank, good way."	LEE, MITTIE, B.S. "Heart and hand that move together, Feet that run on willing errands."
HOWARD, HELEN, A.B. ("Elen Oward.") "If I vow a friendship, I'll perform it to the last article."	MASTIN, HENRIETTA, A.B. ("Missetta.") "I celebrate myself and sing myself."
HODO, ETHEL, B.S. "Certainly a woman's thought always goes before her action."	PRICE, VELMA, A.B. "Alas for those that never sing, But die with all their music in them!"
	STOVALL, IRENE, A.B. "The neatest, the sweetest, the trimmest little maiden."

Junior History

THE Junior enjoys a peculiar place in college life. She has not the fear and timidity of the Freshman, nor the self-satisfaction of the Sophomore, nor the anxiety of the Senior. She enjoys the privileges accorded to upper classmen, with no uneasiness.

We, the Class of 1911, having passed into that happy state, no longer burn the midnight oil nor "cram" for exams. We extend our deepest sympathies to the Fresh. and Sophs., and bid them "keep the faith," and one day they shall enter into the joys of the Junior.

When we first entered these walls that have become so dear to us, we were twenty in number; but,

sad to relate, some of the more faint-hearted of our band succumbed to the pestilences of homesickness, plagues of exams., and floods of demerits. Six of us only have been fortunate enough to survive these trials up to the Junior year. Although we are the smallest class in school, we know that it is not quantity, but quality, that counts. We do our work faithfully; and if things get to looking "blue" sometimes, we just put on a smile and remember that

"It is easy enough to be pleasant
When the world flows along like a song,
But the girl worth while is the girl who can smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

HISTORIAN.

Junior Poem

I wouldn't be a Fresh,
Mere babes, who have no knowledge,
With three more years to toil
Before they get through College.

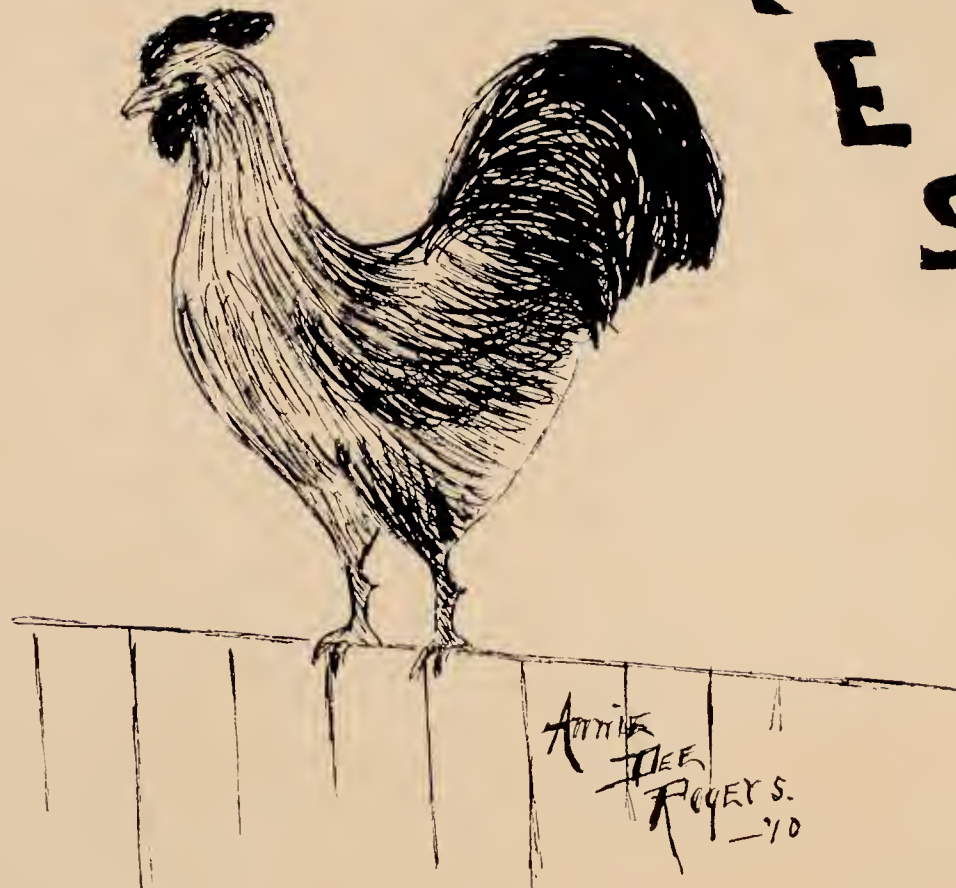
I'd hate to be a Soph.,
"Conceited?" Just a little.
But why they have conceit,
To me, is quite a riddle.

"A Senior?" Not for me;
They're always in a hurry;
They care for naught, save books;
And their brows are creased by worry.

I like my Junior life,
With privileges so fine;
I'm glad I'm what I am,
With no one's faults but mine.

POET, '11.

SOPHOMORES





Sophomore Class

OFFICERS

ELIZABETH SELF	President
MARY PERSINGER	Vice President
MAGGIE GRIFFITH	Secretary
ANNIE BUCHANAN	Historian
MARY KEY	Poet

MEMBERS

BLANKENSHIP, ELIZABETH HUDYEE, A.B. - Riverton ("Lizzie.") "Black were her eyes as the berry That grew on the thorn by the wayside."	GRIFFITH, MARGARET EVA, A.B. - Hoke's Bluff ("Maggie.") "A waking eye, a prying mind, A heart that stirs, is hard to bind."
BUCHANAN, ANNIE McCULLY, A.B. - Riverton ("Little Buck.") "The calm brow, the parted hair, The gentle lips which know no guile."	HERTZLER, FRANKYE, A.B. - Madison ("Frank.") "I have found a little lassie With bright eyes of darkest gray."
BUCHANAN, ELIZABETH, A.B. - Riverton ("Lizzie Buck.") "I love her for her smile, her look, her way of speaking gently."	HOWARD, RUTH, A.B. - Birmingham "It's gude to be merry and wise; It's gude to be honest and true."
BURNS, RUTH - Gadsden "Alack! I love myself. Wherefore?"	KEY, MARY CLARE, A.B. - Russellville ("Key.") "But let me laugh a while; I've mickle time to grieve."
DINSMORE, ANNA VIRGINIA, A.B. - Falkville "A woman's crowning glory is her hair."	MARLOWE, PEARLE, A.B. - Oneonta "Noble her object, glorious her aims."
DIAZ, ELODIA, A.B. - Mexico ("Daz.") "Soft eyes did gaze on me— Burning, yet tender."	MERIWETHER, OCTAVIA, A.B. - Trenton, Ky. "I sit alone, and watch the warm, sweet day Lapse tenderly away; And, wistful, with a feeling of forecast, I say: 'This is the last.'"

McCOY, MARJORIE - - - - - Athens
("Moggie.")

"O, what a power has white simplicity!"

PERSINGER, MARY BOYD, A.B. - - - - - Birmingham
("Mary P.")

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
But every smile so merry draws one out."

PECK, ONA DIALTHA - - - - - Somerville
("Miss Peck.")

"It is a poor heart that never rejoices."

PENNINGTON, NELLE, B.S. - - - - - Ripley, Tenn.
("Penny.")

"When she made pause, I knew not for delight."

SANDERSON, BERTHA, B.S. - - - - - Harvest

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."

SELF, ELIZABETH, A.B. - - - - - Laurel, Miss.

"Glancing with black-beaded eyes
Till the lightning laughter dimple the roses in her cheeks."

SHOOK, ANNA MAE, B.S. - - - - - Bridgeport
("Shucks.")

"Be not too bold."

STURDIVANT, SADIE LOUISE, A.B. - - - - - Bessemer

"Tell this girl what 'tis to love."

WALSTON, KATHARINE LOUISE, A.B. - - - - - Birmingham
("Kathouise.")

"How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty!"

WADSWORTH, ESTHER, A.B. - - - - - Birmingham
("Es.")

"She blushed and smiled like a looking-glass."



Sophomore Poem



Listen! Have you heard the story
Of the Class of 1912?
They will win all of the glory,
For at their books they work and delve.

It was in September, readers,
When their work they did begin,
When this merry band of leaders
Began to study and to win.

They had given for more knowledge,
Wealth and comfort; yes, and more—
Left their homes to enter college,
Came this crowd of Sophomores.

In basket ball they're hard to beat;
In their studies they are grand.
Such a jolly class you'll meet
Nowhere else in all the land.

In loyalty they never lack—
This happy class of maids so bright.
Their colors, Lavender and Black,
Stand for what is good and right.

Then here's to the class that's always right!
Here's to the class that's full of fun!
And we will stand firm in the fight
"As long as the sands of time shall run."

POET, '12.

Sophomore Class History

WHEN in the fall of 1908 Athens College opened its proud halls for the reception of new pupils, there was never seen a crowd of jollier girls to enter the Freshman Class.

We had expected to have an easy time in school, and to spend most of our time in "having fun;" but at the end of the first month we found that our grades were not so good as we had hoped them to be, and, instead of "1's," there were "3's" and even "4's" on our reports. However, these low marks did not cause us to lose heart, but only served to make us study more; and, by constant "digging," at the close of school we were the happy possessors of promotion cards.

After three months of vacation, we were glad when the time came for us to resume our work at

Athens. When we arrived, we found that nearly all of our classmates had returned, and with them a few new members to join us in our work. And work it was. It seemed to us almost impossible to get over this rough path to learning, and more than once we nearly gave up in despair; but with a little encouragement from our teachers and home folks, and by constantly keeping in our minds that well-known proverb, "Where there's a will, there's a way," we found at the close of the term that the victory was ours.

Although this year has been filled with trials, it has also been filled with pleasures which we shall never forget; and when our school days have ended, the recollections of our "Sophomore" year will be cherished in our memories.

HISTORIAN, '12.



FRESHMAN



Freshman Class

OFFICERS

SARA RIVES	President
REBECCA CHANDLER	Vice President
CARRIE LOUISE BRANDON	Historian
SALLIE MAE KING	Poet

MEMBERS

BRANDON, CARRIE LOUISE, A.B.	Bessemer	HARRIS, INEZ, A.B.	Red Bay
"Roses are her cheeks, And a rose her mouth."		"A seeming child in everything, Save thoughtful brow."	
BARRETT, ESTHER LOUISE, A.B.	Bessemer	HUFFSTUTLER, ELOISE, B.S.	Sulligent
("Es.")		"Curiosity killed a cat."	
"She sang a song, she danced a jig That took my heart away."		HERNDON, EINNAN, A.B.	Vernon
		"The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art, Reigns more or less in this young lady's heart."	
CHANDLER, REBECCA, A.B.	Athens	JACKSON, NELLE LOIS, B.S.	Atlanta, Ga.
"The less men think, the more they talk."		("Tempest.")	
COTTEN, NELLE, A.B.	Athens	"We wouldn't mind putting up our young friend, In making a noise, against any five men."	
COFFMAN, MAI, A.B.	Athens	KELLY, AURORA, B.S.	Jeff
"Lips mute, hands clasped, in silences of speech."		("Roe.")	
		"With every change, her features played, As aspens show the light and shade."	
CRAWFORD, ANNA PURYEAR, A.B.	Athens	KING, SALLIE MAI, A.B.	Elkton, Tenn.
"The most precious articles are always done up in small packages."		"But being what I am, I'll be it nobly."	
ELLIOTT, ELNA, A.B.	Columbiana		
"A blue-eyed, flaxen-haired angel."		LEVIE, FLORA ELIZABETH, B.S.	Goodwater
		("Bess," "Levie.")	
HIGHTOWER, ETHEL MAE, A.B.	Athens	"Who broke no promise, served no private end; Who gained no title and lost no friend."	
"A spirit so still and quiet that it blushed at its own motion."			

McWHORTER, ZELLA, A.B. - - - - - Riverton
("Squirter.")

"I'll care for no one—no, not I—
If no one cares for me."

McCALEB, JOSEPHINE IRENE, B.S. - - - - - Deposit
("Josie.")

"With blinded eyesight, poring over miserable books."

McLANE, ETHLEEN, B.S. - - - - - Saginaw
"Not a single word she uttered."

MITCHELL, EDNA, A.B. - - - - - Goodman, Miss.
"I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

PEARSON, MATTIE MAE, B.S. - - - - - Alexander City
"She gave to misery all she had—a tear."

PACE, LINDA, A.B. - - - - - Oxford
"Go thy way; thou art a good, plain maid."

RIVES, SARA, A.B. - - - - - Athens
"Full beautiful, a fairy's child."

SCARBOROUGH, DEE, B.S. - - - - - Choccolocco
"May Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a curl."

SIMMONS, ELIZABETH, B.S. - - - - - Athens
"Her eyes were deeper than the depths
Of waters stilled at eventide."

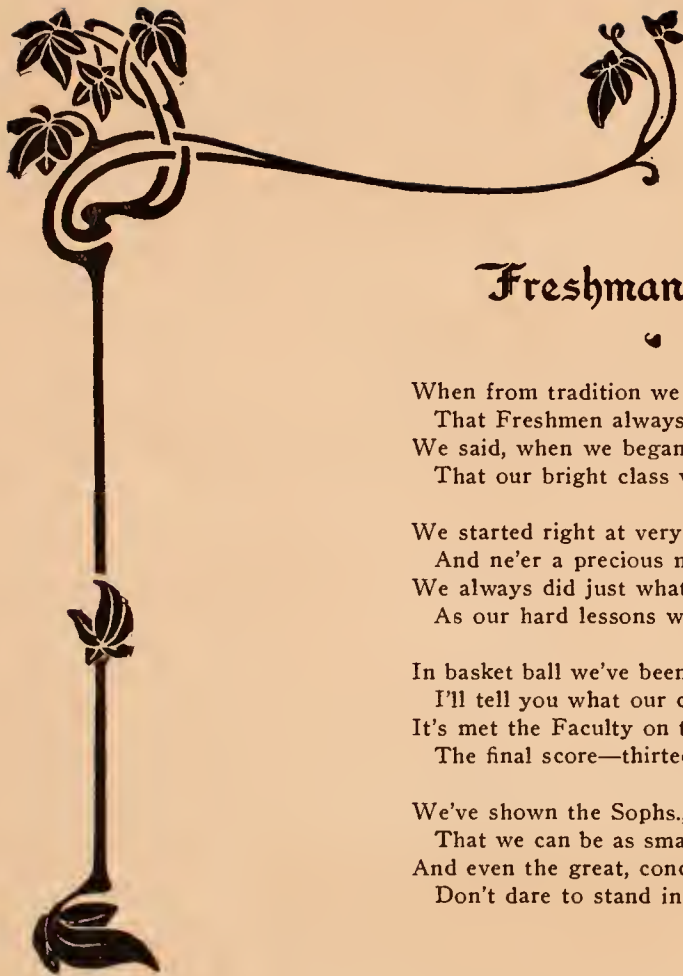
TAYLOR, MAMIE, A.B. - - - - - Stanton, Tenn.
"O, that I had stayed and said my prayers at home!"

TUCKER, BERTHA COKE, A.B. - - - - - Lafayette
"There shall ever be a place for virtue."

VANN, LINNA, A.B. - - - - - Athens
"Her spirit is the harmony of truth."

VANN, MAE, A.B. - - - - - Pratt City
"Fair, in sooth, is this maiden."





Freshman Poem

When from tradition we did learn
That Freshmen always had been fools,
We said, when we began as Fresh.,
That our bright class would break such rules.

We started right at very first,
And ne'er a precious moment spared;
We always did just what was best,
As our hard lessons we prepared.

In basket ball we've been the head.
I'll tell you what our class has done:
It's met the Faculty on the field;
The final score—thirteen to one.

We've shown the Sophs., and Juniors, too,
That we can be as smart as they;
And even the great, conceited Seniors
Don't dare to stand in our bright way.

POET, '13.

Freshman History

WE haven't much history to relate, but it is only because of lack of time, not from any fault in ourselves. When we reach the dizzy heights from which the Seniors smile so condescendingly, we do not doubt but that we shall have the most interesting history ever made in Athens. We have made a splendid beginning, and that is half the battle, saith the seer.

We have two of our members on the 'Varsity basket-ball team, and a large majority are on the first honor roll. Even those self-deceived creatures, the Sophs., cannot boast these honors. Although

some might say that the Freshmen of 1909-1910 have a "streak of luck," we feel that it is due to our own merits.

We had the honor of meeting the Faculty on the basket-ball court, and they proved themselves worthy of any foe. We trust they entertain the same sentiments toward us.

So, hoping that our good looks, good luck, and good nature will continue and increase, we are patiently waiting (should I say it?), working for the time when we shall don the cap and gown and bid a long farewell to our Alma Mater.

HISTORIAN, '13.



R. S. Jones



E. R. Sider



L. H. S.



E. Huges



L. S. Hobb



R. M. Jones



D. S. Sider



I. S. Sider



L. S. Marlow



E. S. Sider



R. S. Sider



M. S. Sider

SUB FRESHMEN ~

Subfreshmen

ANDERSON, RUTH - - - - - Carbon Hill
 BROWN, LUCY - - - - - Birmingham
 CLARK, VIOLA - - - - - New Decatur
 CARTER, VIVIAN - - - - - Langston
 CLEMENTS, MARY - - - - - Athens
 CRUTCHER, MAMIE - - - - - Athens
 CARY, SADYE - - - - - Caryton
 DAVIS, ROBBIE C. - - - - - Birmingham
 DAVENPORT, MARIA - - - - - Valley Head
 DOWNEY, REGINA - - - - - Birmingham
 GARNICA, CARMELITA - - - - - South America
 GATLIN, MAMIE - - - - - Bethel, Tenn.
 GRUBBS, MARIANNE - - - - - Decatur
 GRUBBS, NABEL - - - - - Decatur
 GRIGSBY, CORINNE - - - - - Athens
 HATCHETT, NELLE - - - - - Athens
 HAYES, EUNICE - - - - - Helena
 HUGHES, SCOTTIE - - - - - Wilmar, Ark.
 IRVINE, EMILY - - - - - Athens
 IRVINE, AGNES - - - - - Athens
 IGOU, ALTA - - - - - Athens
 IGOU, JENNIE - - - - - Athens
 KING, SUSIE BLANCH - - - - - Florence
 MARLOW, LENA - - - - - Oneonta
 McCLURE, HAZEL - - - - - Wilmar, Ark.
 McGLAWN, NELLE - - - - - Athens
 McDANIEL, MADELINE - - - - - Athens
 McDONALD, JESSYE - - - - - Athens
 MEALING, NELLE - - - - - Birmingham
 MOORE, LUCY - - - - - Ocala, Fla.
 MOORE, ETTA - - - - - Ocala, Fla.
 MOORE, NABEL - - - - - Riverton
 MORRIS, EMMA SUE - - - - - Trinity

NICHOLS, CARRIE - - - - - New Hope
 NICHOLS, MATTIE - - - - - New Hope
 O'NEAL, FRANCES - - - - - Bolton, Miss.
 PETTUS, MAGGIE - - - - - Athens
 PETTUS, GLADYS - - - - - Athens
 PRIDE, ELIZABETH - - - - - Cherokee
 PRICE, VERA - - - - - Athens
 RIVES, JEN - - - - - Athens
 ROCHELLE, ODELL - - - - - Athens
 ROCHELLE, IONE - - - - - Athens
 ROGERS, NELLE - - - - - Athens
 RUTHERFORD, MYRTLE - - - - - Birmingham
 ROBERTS, SALLIE - - - - - Austinville
 ROBERTS, ETHEL - - - - - Albertville
 SANDERS, FRANCES - - - - - Athens
 SHELBY, LILLIAN - - - - - Riverton
 STANTON, HELEN - - - - - Mobile
 SYFRETT, IDA - - - - - Birmingham
 TONY, MARIE - - - - - Madison
 TUTWILER, DUDLEY - - - - - Blossburg
 TUTWILER, MARGARET - - - - - Blossburg
 TURRENTINE, NINA - - - - - Athens
 VANDIVER, MARY RUTH - - - - - Birmingham
 VANN, ELIZABETH - - - - - Athens
 WASHINGTON, LUELLA - - - - - Wainsville
 WEATHERLY, MILDRED - - - - - Huntsville
 WEATHERLY, MARJORIE - - - - - Huntsville
 WARTEN, LOUISE - - - - - Athens
 WARTEN, MATSIE - - - - - Athens
 WEBB, CLEO - - - - - Langston
 WITT, ADDIE MAE - - - - - Athens
 WITT, FLORENCE - - - - - Athens



Normal Class

CLARK, ANNIE - - - - - New Decatur
"Thou foster child of silence and slow time."

COUCH, MARIE - - - - - Birmingham
"All that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."

CRAWFORD, LOUISE - - - - - Athens
"Attempt the end, and never stand in doubt."

DOWNEY, EVELYN - - - - - Birmingham
"Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil."

FAUST, LOLA - - - - - Jasper
"What means this?
O, now I see—a jest!"

FLOYD, PATTIE - - - - - Ashland
"Loyal to truth and the sacred professions of friendship."

HARRIS, FLORENCE - - - - - Birmingham
"Just anything than what I am
It seems to me were better."

HODO, WINNIE - - - - - Millport
"O, true in word and tried in deed!"

JONES, RUTH - - - - - Athens
"Modest and shy as a nun is she."

JONES, EVA - - - - - Athens
"Locks not wide disspread,
Madonna wise on either side her head."

KNOX, LUCILE - - - - - Birmingham
"Sweet, my case, I live for thee."

LEE, LOIS - - - - - Brundidge
"I take part, I see and hear the whole."

LOWE, CARRYE - - - - - Hazel Green
"This girl's soul is in her clothes."

McGLAWN, ALMA - - - - - Athens
"She hath her praise."

MORTON, EMMETT - - - - - Russellville
"No greater talker ever was."

MURPHEY, LOUISE - - - - - Decatur
"Like sunshine on the uneasy ocean waves."

McCARY, HALLIE EDNA - - - - - Huntsville
("Hal.")
"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!"

NELSON, ELLA WILL - - - - - Athens
"Large was her bounty, and her soul sincere."

SMITH, BONNIE - - - - - Athens
"I fain would make attempts to win."

SMITH, BESSIE - - - - - Athens
"Ambitious, cautious, yet the one
To strike down fraud with resolute hand."

STEPP, DEZZIE - - - - - Elkmont, Tenn.
"Lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And cultivate a cheerful disposition."

WARE, DONIE - - - - - Trussville
"Whate'er her life defeatures,
She loved her fellow-creatures."

WHEELER, ALMA - - - - - Winfield
"Not for a soul like thine the calm
Of selfish ease and joys of sense."

WILLIAMSON, MATTIE - - - - - Oxford
"A maiden never bold."



IRREGULARS

Irregulars

AUSTIN, BELL - - - - - Kosh
 "Never was I afraid of man."

DAVIS, CATHERINE - - - - - Birmingham
 ("Cat.")
 "She paints like nature."

EZZELL, FLORENCE - - - - - Russellville
 "Her waist is ampler than her life,
 For life is but a span."

GARLOCH, FLORENCE - - - - - Garden City, Kan.
 "Thou art so full of misery,
 Were it not better not to be?"

GREENE, ELMINA - - - - - Conyers, Ga.
 "A delicate child, and slender,
 With locks of dark-brown hair."

JACKSON, MATTIE ALLEN - - - - - Inka, Miss
 "She tasted love with all her mind."

KENNEDY, EMMA - - - - - Illinois
 "Ah, truest soul of womankind,
 Without thee what were life?"

McDONALD, EUNICE - - - - - Millport
 "Humility—that low, sweet root
 From which all heavenly virtues shoot."

SHELL, ALVA - - - - - Birmingham
 "Simple and fresh."

SARGENT, RUBY ETHEL - - - - - Birmingham
 ("Rube.")
 "A pair of dainty glasses
 On her slender little nose,
 Add to her look of wisdom
 And statuesque repose."

SMITH, IRA - - - - - Athens
 "We are what we are made."

RODGERS, ANNIE DEE - - - - - Athens
 "What a tender and impassioned voice!"

VANN, ADDIE WAE - - - - - Pratt City
 "The light of heaven
 Still lingered and gleamed in her hair."

YOUNG, ESSIE - - - - - Pratt City
 "Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young and so fair."



In Memoriam



MATTIE JIM REDDING
Freshman

NINA WORD
Subfreshman

LOUISE McWHORTER
Subfreshman

ANNIE NICHOLS
Subfreshman



Music

Music Department

DR. HANS C. WULF, Director



DR. WULF

CARRIE LOUISE BRANDON
RUTH BURNS
ELIZABETH BUCHANAN
LILA COLEMAN
ADA CURTIS
LUCILE CRUTCHER
MAMIE CRUTCHER
OPIE CLEMENTS
EMMA DRISKELL
ANNA DINSMORE
FLORENCE GARLOCH
SCOTTIE HUGHES
RUTH HOWARD
MARY KEY
JOSEPHINE KEY
ALMA LEETH
MRS. LERMAN
LIZZIE BLANKENSHIP
ANNA CRAWFORD
CATHERINE DAVIS
ROBBIE DAVIS
MARGARET GRIFFITH
SUSIE GLENN
EUNICE HAYES
SALLIE MAE KING
SALLIE B. MALONE
REBECCA MALONE
MISS DENNY
EVELYN DOWNEY
MARIA DAVENPORT
NORA FRY
CARMELITA GARNICA
CORINNE GRIGSBY
MARIANNE GRUBBS
MAMIE GATLIN
LUCILLE KNOX

EMMA SUE MORRIS
EMMETT MORTON
ETTA MASTIN
RUTH MILLER
HAZEL McCLURE
HALLIE McCARY
MARJORIE McCOY
ONA PECK
FRANCES PEEBLES
MARGARET PETTUS
ETHEL ROBERTS
ANNIE MAE SHOOK
DUDLEY TUTWILER
MARGARET TUTWILER
LOUISE WARTEN
LUELLA WASHINGTON
ESSIE YOUNG
MACCA MARTIN
JOSEPHINE McCALEB
MADELINE McDANIEL
ELIZABETH PRIDE
SARA RIVES
IRENE STOVALL
ELIZABETH SELF
SADIE STURDIVANT
FLORENCE WITT
ADDIE MAE WITT
IDA SYFRETT
LILLIAN SHELBY
FRANCES SANDERS
MARGARET SANDERS
ELIZABETH TAYLOR
MAMIE TAYLOR
LINNA VANN
ELIZABETH VANN

MISS JONES

MISS DEZE

MILDRED WEATHERLY



GLEE CLUB

Glee Club

MISS MARY MEEK, Director



MEMBERS

MEMORY ALDRIDGE
RUTH BURNS
EVELYN DOWNEY
CATHERINE DAVIS
ELNA ELLIOTT
LOLA FAUST
MARIANNE GRUBBS
EUNICE HAYES

FLORENCE HARRIS
LENA MARLOWE
PEARLE MARLOWE
EMMETT MORTON
HALLIE McCARY
HAZEL McCLURE
EUNICE McDONALD
BETH TAYLOR

DUDLEY TUTWILER

Glee Club No. 2.



OFFICERS

JOLLY KEY
President

HAL McCARY
Business Manager

MADAM MARCHAROUND DAVIS
Director

MEMBERS

Sopranos

CAT DAVIS
RENE MERKEL
MEM. ALDRIDGE
JOLLY KEY

Tour

KITCHEN
Crow's-Nest
ANNEX
Tin Roof, Infirmary

Tenors

HAL McCARY
CAD LOWE
RUTH BURNS
RUTH HOWARD

Oratory Notes

LET us say in beginning that these are "Oratory" notes, not "Expression" notes. We claim that "Oratory" is a broader term, for it includes not only the expression of our own or another's thoughts, but also all speech arts. Another reason: we are following the Emerson system; and as their work goes by the name of "College of Oratory," we should, as a matter of course, use their title. Hence our name. Before long we expect to boast of the name "Oratory School of Athens College." Merely "Oratory Department" is too small for our work. Already we have a definitely outlined three-years' course. At the end of that time our pupils will receive a certificate, provided that they shall have finished the Sophomore year. A pupil taking a four-years' course will be given a diploma. To those who intend pursuing this work after their graduation here this diploma will mean much. It will admit them to the Senior Class of many oratory colleges and to the Junior Class of Emerson. And this is our endeavor: to so interest and enthrall our pupils that they may not be contented with merely learning a speech or two, but that they may pursue the work in all its branches until they shall have obtained that development which comes with a perfect understanding of speech arts.

Our class now numbers thirteen—not unlucky as we see it, for some of us are doing double work; and

we intend to double our roll next year. The class reads thus:

Juniors

Rebecca Chandler
Nelle Cotten
Elna Elliott
Ethel May Hightower
Mary Persinger
Sara Rives
Bertha Sanderson

Freshmen

Lucy Moore
Bessie Smith

Irregulars

Lucile Crutcher
Annie May Grisham
Nina Turrentine
Kathouise Walston

What have we done this year in public work? Not so much as we expect to do next year. Our first play was in course of rehearsal last fall when school disbanded. It was a Hallowe'en entertainment, and we had planned it as a complimentary evening to our friends in the other departments. That play will hold for another year, however.

"My Lord in Livery," a one-act play by Theyre Smith, was presented Friday evening, February 18, by the members of the Junior Class. One-half of the proceeds was given to the Oracle. A very apprecia-

tive audience greeted the opening scene, which represented a sitting room in an English country house. The cast of characters was as follows:

Lord Thirlsmere (of the ship Phlegethon) -	Rebecca Chandler
Spiggott (an old family butler) - - - - -	Mary Persinger
Hopkins (a footman) - - - - -	Sara Rives
Robert (a page) - - - - -	Ethel May Hightower
Sybil Ambersley (daughter of Sir George Ambersley) - - -	
- - - - -	Nelle Cotten
Laura } her friends {	Bertha Sanderson
Rose }	Elna Elliott

In the recital work the girls have acquitted themselves very creditably. "The French Tenor," by H. C. Bunner, was given at the January recital by Mary Persinger. The same evening, Rebecca Chandler, as "A Woman in a Shoe Shop," was enjoyable. "A Man Without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale, is a fine book, and a good cutting of it was read by Ethel May Hightower on March 25. Lucile Crutcher, "The Littlest Girl," is a wonder. Any one who has heard her will understand our praise of her. She gave "The Pickaninny" at our March recital, and she was as dear and attractive a little reader as you can find anywhere. A two-act sketch, "While Breakfast Waited," by Otto Senga, was played by Sara Rives and Nelle Cotten. Sara is our very best "man," and always sets the college girls' hearts aglow. Let us take occasion to say that she does not take advantage of her ability to so cleverly impersonate a man to use it for "crushing" purposes. She and Nelle did an attractive piece of work in this little play, and showed a surprising knowledge of how things are done where Love is in charge.

But where we get most enjoyment is in our class work. The Juniors have three classes a week, and the Freshmen have two. These are, of course, in addition to the two regular individual lessons. In the classes we study, primarily, the evolutions of expression. These "little red books," as the girls call them, give the system as outlined by Dr. Emerson. It is a system based on the laws of nature, and shows the processes through which a person should pass in his endeavor to attain perfect power of expression. To assist in this work we have classes in pantomime, responsive gesture, and other forms of physical expression.

During March "The Reveries of a Bachelor" was given for the benefit of the Oracle. Sara Rives, as "The Bachelor," was visited by almost a score of memories, which were altogether delightful. Dudley Tutwiler, as "The Western Girl," and Emmett Morton, as "The Gypsy Girl," were especially attractive.

We are accumulating a fund with which to furnish our room. Some handsome book shelves are on the way, and several other things of usefulness and adornment have been planned.

Our commencement play will be "The School for Scandal," by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. This amusing series of laughable situations promises to give ample opportunity for our girls to show their histrionic ability. The picturesque costumes of this period will lend an attractive effect to the scenes. "The play's the thing," after all, with girls.

Sonnet to America

•

America, my own dear native land,
How proudly do thy Stars and Stripes float o'er
Each harbor, port, and bay from sand to sand!
May cruel bloodshed stain thy soil no more;
But may with loyal hearts each wandering band
Forget the dreadful slaughter and the gore,
And sing of liberty o'er all the strand,
And prosperity at each freeman's door.
Dear land, I'd rather be a native of
Thy soil than of any empire of the globe
The kindly sun has ever shone upon,
And feel, no matter where my feet may rove,
I still possess a glorious resting place,
Ruled by the greatest people of our race.

M. P., '12.



Art Class

MISS FRANCES WILLIAMS, Instructor



"Therefore, I perceive that there is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in the works of his own hands, for this is his portion." Eccl., III, 22.

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The "Crow's-Nest"



A Corner of the Library



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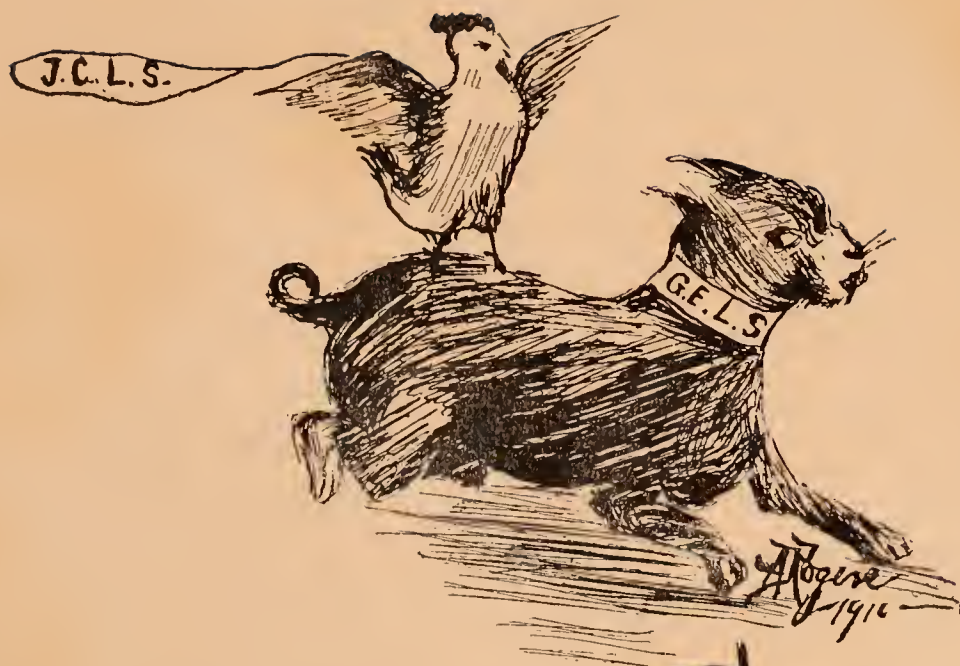


The Recipe

Just take a pound of fun,
An ounce or two of sense;
Stir in a little laughter;
Don't have it very dense.
Wee tears will do no harm;
A sigh, a moan, a wail—
Without these accessories
The greatest aim will fail.
And don't forget the love—
That love of girl for girl;
Nor yet that love of boy
That sets our heads awlirl.

Now stir it and boil it and send it to press,
And—lo!—issues forth the finest, the best—
Sir Oracle.





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IONE ROCHELL
ODELLE ROCHELL
ETTA MOORE

DEZZIE STEP



Y. W. C. A.

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THE Y. W. C. A. was reorganized soon after the opening of school in the fall, with a membership of one hundred and ten students and a large proportion of the members of the Faculty. This was a larger membership than we had ever had before, and it gave much encouragement to the enthusiastic cabinet; and we entered into the work with the realization of the fact that it is a privilege, and not a sacrifice, to give of our time, service, and means to this work which has always meant so much to Athens College.

The Y. W. C. A. stands for all that is highest and best in our college life, and it is the very nucleus around which centers all that which tends to develop the spiritual side of our girls that we may each be brought into a closer union with Christ.

Our vesper services are held each evening by the girls, and their interest and enthusiasm is shown by their ready response when asked to take part. On Sunday evening these services are held by Miss Moore, who always has something new for us; and many times are we lifted to nobler resolutions and higher aspirations by her inspiring talks.

Realizing that our lives are incomplete with spiritual training alone, the Y. W. C. A. endeavors to introduce as much of the social life into its work as possible; and a number of little social evenings are given during the year that the girls may forget books, homesickness, etc., for a while and have a jolly good time.

Miss Irene Stovall represented our Association at the Gulf States Convention at Athens, Ga., and

brought back a most interesting and inspiring report. Miss Stovall has been elected president of the Association for next year, and we hope that the work will prosper as never before.

Besides our regular pledges to the Gulf States, our Association offers a scholarship to some girl each year who would otherwise be deprived of a college education. A large portion of this money is raised by giving little entertainments and various other schemes; but the remainder is a freewill offering from the girls, keeping ever before us the thought: "Freely ye have received, freely give."

Miss Theodosia Wales, our traveling secretary, spent several days in our midst the first of April; and we received immeasurable benefit from her visit, and only wished she might be with us longer. She gave us much encouragement, and seemed to think our Association in a very flourishing condition.

It is our purpose to deepen the spiritual life of our college, to make our lives such that they may influence others to that which is best in life, and, as nearly as possible, bring each girl into the fold of Christ. So let each one of us feel the individual responsibility of fulfilling this purpose.





·A·T·H·L·E·T·I·C·S·

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Director



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Susie Glenn
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	ESSIE YOUNG



'Varsity Basket-Ball Team

ZELLA McWHORTER
ESTHER BARRETT

IDA DUKE

DUDLEY TUTWILER
MARGARET TUTWILER



Senior Basket-Ball Team

BETH TAYLOR	PEARLE SAWYER	SUSIE GLENN	BERNICE RODEN
	MABEL WATERS		
	IRENE MERKEL		



Junior Basket-Ball Team

HELEN HOWARD

IDA DUKE
MEMORY ALDRIDGE

IRENE STOVALL
ALMA LEETH

JOSEPHINE KEY



Sophomore Basket-Ball Team

MARY KEY
EUNICE McDONALD

SADIE STURDIVANT
RUTH HOWARD KATHOUSE WALSTON



Second Sophomore Basket-Ball Team

LIZZIE BLANKENSHIP
HALLIE McCARY CATHERINE DAVIS
RUTH BURNS MARY PERSINGER



Freshman Basket-Ball Team

ELOISE HUFFSTUTLER

ESTHER BARRETT

ZELLA McWHORTER

BESSIE LEVIE

JOSIE McCALEB



Sub Basket-Ball Team A

LOLA FAUST

MARGARET TUTWILER

MARION GRUBBS

DUDLEY TUTWILER

CARMELITA GARNICA



Sub Basket-Ball Team B

NELLE MEALING

EUNICE HAYES

HAZEL McCLURE

ELIZABETH PRIDE

RUTH ANDERSON

College Yells

Rickty ram, rickty ram!
I'm from Athens—yes, I am!
Rah, rah, rah!
Sis, boom, bah!
Athens, Athens!
Wah, wah, wah!

Rah, rah, rah!
Wow, wow, wow!
Chic-a-lacker, chic-a-lacker!
Chow, chow, chow!
Athens!

With a vevo, with a vivo,
With a vevo, vivo, vum!
Johnny, get a rat trap,
Bigger than a cat trap;
Johnny, get a cat trap,
Bigger than a rat trap!
Cannibal, cannibal! Sis, boom, bah!
Athens, Athens! Rah, rah, rah!

Rickty rix, rickty rax!
Girls from Athens!
Wickty wax!
They have knowledge—
Know it all!
Athens, Athens!
Hear them squall!

Athens, Athens!
Is our cry;
V-i-c-t-o-r-y !
Athens!



Miscellaneous



MARY I. MEEK	HALLIE McCARY
MEMORY L. ALDRIDGE	ELNA ELLIOTT
ESTHER L. BARRETT	ELIZABETH LEVIE
IRENE H. MERKEL	ELODIA DIAZ
BERNICE RODEN	OZIE YORK
SUSIE H. GLENN	MARY PERSINGER
PEARLE M. SAWYER	SALLIE MAE KING
ELIZABETH TAYLOR	CARRIE L. BRANDON
HELEN HOWARD	WYNNE BOBBITT
MARY KEY	MISS MOORE

Art



MISS WILLIAMS
ESTHER L. BARRETT

HELEN HOWARD
ANNIE DEE RODGERS

To _____



I hear the birds' low singing;
Their songs are sweet and true.
The air with their music is filling;
It brings to me thoughts of you.

The zephyrs are kissing the flowers,
Tossing them in the grass so blue.
Flowers, grass, and sunshine,
All make me think of you.

In darkest hours of midnight,
And all the long day through,
The bright, the good, the beautiful,
Bring to my mind—just you.

ANNA DINSMORE, '12.

As It Sometimes Happens

IT may have been Fate that caused Jack Madison to be standing at the foot of the library steps that April morning when pretty Nelle Ashley came tripping down them, or it may have been that he had merely started into that same library, because, suffice it to say, he was standing there; and as it sounds more romantic to say it was Fate, let it go at that.

Nelle was as fresh and dainty as the lovely morning itself when she came down those old steps that were ever afterwards so full of memories to Jack. She was smiling a little to herself, and it was just by accident that the smile was still on her face when her eyes chanced to meet his. They were great blue eyes that could look pensive or reproachful or gleam with mischief, as their owner willed. Just now they were at their merriest, and Jack, gazing into them, knew that for him it was all over. He stood where he was, like one in a trance, until she had passed down the street and out of sight. Then he drew a long breath and pulled himself together. "Jack, my boy," he said to himself, "you're a goner for fair this time, and don't you forget it."

That afternoon Colonel Moore, the senior partner in the law firm of Moore & Madison, noticed that the junior partner seemed strangely preoccupied and answered his questions in a vague, unsatisfactory manner, and sometimes not at all. And all night through Jack dreamed of deep-blue eyes, tantalizing

yellow curls, and a rosebud mouth smiling for him alone.

The following week was a wonderful time to the youth. He learned her name through a mutual friend, and at last met her through the same kind medium. After that nothing else mattered.

Miss Ashley had had many lovers in her brief existence of twenty-two summers, but never a one so ardent as Jack. He surrounded her with candy and flowers, and besieged her with invitations to row, drive, walk—in short, every excuse he could think of for being in her society. He was hopelessly lost. In a month he was a regular visitor at the Ashley home, and it was settled, as far as the village gossip was concerned, that they were engaged.

One night Jack and Nelle were seated on a bench out under the trees in Nelle's old-fashioned garden. It was a beautiful June night, and the air was heavy with the perfume of the roses. The moonlight lay white over the lovely old garden, but the spot where Jack and Nelle sat was almost entirely darkened by the trees. It was the time, the place, and, as rarely happens, the girl. Jack felt it, gave his tongue a twist, and cleared his throat.

"Nelle—Miss Nelle—er—ah—I am—er—I—that is—I think—er—isn't it a beautiful night?"

"Yes, indeed," sweetly responded the girl, smiling to herself; for she knew the symptoms, "having been there before," as Jack would express it. He

began again, desperately: "Do you think—er—well, you know—er—O, hang it!—the fact is—will you marry me?"

He settled back in his seat. "I've done it," he muttered to himself, and prepared for the worst. But, to his surprise, she blushed a little, laughed a little, and as by that time he had her hand in his and she was murmuring something in a low voice, we will draw the curtains over what followed—only let it be added that Jack was able to drag himself away that night without the aid of her father's boot and actually slept fully an half hour before daylight.

For a month Jack abode on Olympus. He had given her a beautiful pigeon-blood ruby, as she had often expressed her fondness for that stone. Just inside the plain gold band in which it was set he had engraved the word "Betrothed." Jack had not been able to persuade her to set the day for the wedding, for she always put him off with the assurance that it would be soon. She was so adorably and sweetly persuasive about it that he could not find it in his heart to be impatient with her.

When matters were thus, a stranger arrived from the West and registered at the hotel as Robert F. Smythe. Jack was attracted to him from the start by his dashing ways and breezy Western airs. He was a wealthy rancher, and his lavish generosity bore him out in this statement. He seemed to take a fancy to the bright young lawyer, and soon he and Jack were sworn comrades. Jack confided his love for Nelle to him, and Smythe displayed such a lively interest that Jack asked him to call with him that night.

Nelle was at her best in a pale lavender gown, and Jack thought he had never seen her so pretty. When he presented Smythe to her, she gave a slight start, and Smythe also looked a little queer; but Jack had no eyes for anything but the fair young girl before him. For a time the conversation was almost entirely between Jack and Nelle. She, seating herself at the piano, asked Smythe to sing. Jack wondered why she knew he could sing, but said nothing. Smythe obediently crossed over to the piano and began to sing. He had a clear, very expressive baritone, and Jack ground his teeth as he saw the open admiration in Nelle's eyes and the tender look Smythe gave her as he sang "I Love You Truly." But, then, he remembered that Smythe was a man of the world and accustomed to make love to every pretty girl he met. So, with such reasoning, he comforted himself; and when they left at a late hour, he had forgotten the incident.

But this peace of mind was not to be his long. Smythe began to be a frequent caller at the Ashley's, and several times his engagements clashed with Jack's. He had purchased a big red auto., and Jack's jealous eyes often saw Nelle spinning past his office in it. But if he mentioned the fact of their increasing intimacy, she grew indignant, and Jack dared not say any more. He felt that he was doing her an injustice to doubt her; but still he could not but feel a little uneasiness every time he saw them together or met Smythe coming from her home. Once he deliberately asked her if she thought she was treating him right, and he said it was about time they were married. "I have a steady prac-

tice," he pleaded; "and even if I am not as rich as I could be, with youth and love and my strong right arm to protect you, I am sure I could make you happy. And—"

He was going on, when she interrupted him: "You know Jack, darling, that I do love you, and it is mean of you to doubt me. I don't care for m-money if I c-c-can have you, and you k-k-know it."

Her head was on his shoulder, and Jack was kissing away her tears. He felt like a brute for having made her cry, and mentally kicked himself all over Winston and the adjacent counties. And before he left, she did give him a tearful half promise that she would marry him some time before Christmas.

Nelle was very affectionate during the next few days, and Jack had nearly forgotten Smythe. The touring car was still in evidence, but Nelle was not so often its occupant; and, indeed, Jack began to hope that Nelle would name a definite time very soon.

One morning Jack arose in a particularly happy

frame of mind. Work had no charms for him; so he loitered about the corners, talking with his friends until considerably after his usual office hours. When he did muster up fortitude enough to go into his dusty law books, it was nearly lunch time. Colonel Moore was not in, so he sat down at his desk to look over the mail. One little envelope and a package, both addressed in a familiar handwriting, claimed his attention. "From Nelle," he whispered to himself. "By Jove, maybe she has decided on the day!" He tore open the envelope hurriedly.

"Dear Jack," it ran, "probably I never told you that Mr. Smythe is really my old chum and sweetheart—Bob Frank Smyer. He went West about six years ago when we quarreled. You know the result of his trip. He and I have decided that ranch and riches are more suited to my temperament than law and love. We leave on the midnight train. I am returning the ring. Let me say, however, for your benefit, that you were splendid practice. Regretfully.—NELLE."

ESTHER BARRETT, '13.



POEM



Little bird, don't fly away;
I want you with me in my play.
Let me hear your pretty lay;
Tell me why you cannot stay.

Do not leave your little nest,
Among the boughs so neatly pressed,
But forever live and sing,
And happiness to me you'll bring.

E. ELLIOTT.

What's in a Word?

Der Deutchman says, "Ich liebe dich;"
The Latin, "Amo te;"
The Spaniard says, "Yo te amo;"
But 'tis as clear as day

That, let the words be what they will,
In Latin, Spanish, "Dutch,"
Each maiden knows and smiles with joy,
For words don't mean so much.

But, O you sweet maiden fair,
Which would you rather hear—
"Ich liebe dich;" or, "Amo te;"
Or this, "I love you, dear?"



Passing the Door

Midnight and very dark,
And by a hunger led;
And may there be no teacher's eye to mark
When I start to a "spread."

But may they snore and be so sound asleep,
Not thinking that I roam,
When I, who should be lost in slumber deep,
Start from my home.

Steep stairs and then a door,
And after that I fly;
And may there be no squeaking of the floor
When I pass by.

For though from out my room and nice warm place
My hunger leads me fast,
I hope to see some chicken face to face
When by that door I've passed.

The Life of a Mexican Girl

BEING kindly asked to write something for the Oracle, I feel myself in a dilemma; but, to please you, I will attempt to describe how we Mexican girls spend our time in my dear native land. We do not enjoy the liberty of action that the American girls enjoy, but it does not trouble us very much except "on certain occasions;" but you know that "where there is a will, there is a way."

In my country it is customary to baptize children as soon as possible. For this church sacrament both a godfather and a godmother are selected—generally aunts and uncles or very intimate friends. The godparents' duties before the Catholic Church are that, if the child is left fatherless, they will assume both the responsibility and the care of the child. On the day appointed for the baptism the godmother presents the baby with a box containing as handsome an outfit as possible, especially the baptismal robe. After the baby is dressed for the occasion, the godparents take the baby to church, where, after paying a certain amount (according to their financial state), a name is selected; and the priest proceeds to pour the baptismal waters on the child's head, then gives the child a taste of holy salts, blesses it, and, if invited, he joins the party in order to partake of their feasting. On coming out of the church, the godfather throws pennies ("centavos") to the poor children, who keep crying for money until the baptismal party disappears. Little cards stating

the parents' names, the godfather's and godmother's names, and the name of the child, with date of birth and baptism, then are printed. A little coin is glued on a side of the card. These cards are distributed among the members of the family and among friends.

When the child is about six years of age or older, it joins the church, or is confirmed. For this sacrament another set of godparents is selected. The godmother furnishes a set of clothes of the best she is able. The child is taken to the cathedral, where the archbishop performs the ceremony, which, briefly described, is as follows: the people stand outside of the railing which incloses the passage where the archbishop and his attendants walk, wearing the respective gorgeous dress for the occasion. The archbishop pronounces, or rather "rattles off," some Latin prayers. An acolyte, ready with a closed box perforated on the lid, asks for the amount of money that people desire to put in. More than twenty-five cents is always expected. Then the archbishop gently taps the child's cheek and crosses its forehead with holy oils. The party goes home, and a special meal is prepared.

Children, if well off, are taken care of by nurses all the time. As servants' wages are not so very high, the majority of the children are taken care of by "nanas," or nurses.

At the age of six or seven years children start to

school. If they belong to very strong Catholic families, they attend a private Catholic school; if they do not, they go to the public schools, where religious subjects are prohibited and where a laic instruction is received. They are taught things which children learn in the civilized, cultured countries of Europe and America.

Girls and boys between nine and fifteen, at the latest, are requested to confess and to take their first communion. For the communion a good drill in church catechism and prayer is gone through. A godmother is selected, rarely a godfather. After the confession and penitence according to its sins, the child is ready for the first communion. If it is a boy, he is dressed in black; a white bow of ribbon is tied on his sleeve; a wax candle, tied with white ribbon and decorated with orange blossoms, is carried to church. If it is a girl, she is dressed in white, wearing a veil to the edge of her dress. Godmothers for this occasion present their godchildren with a pretty mass book, a rosary, and, if possible, with a medal engraved with a holy image. Persons, before communion, have to fast; but the children, after their first communion, return home and find a table decked with white flowers; a new cup is filled with chocolate; and the girl or boy enjoys his breakfast and tries to be very good while the impression of the sacrament lasts.

Primary education is compulsory. Some girls follow different professions. Good schools of arts, trades, or science are freely opened to everybody. Our government is very much interested in the edu-

cation of the common people. Night schools are opened for the factory people, and schools of music, sculpture, art, etc., are opened to many. A charity hospital or free boarding college is sustained by our government, and many rich persons sustain charitable Catholic institutions, asylums, hospitals, etc. Contests both in art and music are held at the end of every school year, and pupils showing intelligence and talent are pensioned by the government to go to Europe to perfect their studies.

So you find many girls with their respective diplomas in art, music, voice, manual arts, or as teachers. Of course not every girl carries her studies to an end. Some girls do not like to study. They had rather stay at home, play the piano, embroider, help mother keep house, primp, go to church by all means, call on their friends, and be courted.

“Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other.” Little wicked Cupid furiously hurls his mortal missiles. Mexican girls do not attend so many parties as the American girls do; and if they do so, they are generally accompanied by their parents or by some elder person. On Thursday nights, generally, we wear our “rebozos” (pretty kind of silk shawls), and we go to the parks to hear our bands. You can imagine how alert are both maidens and youths to take an opportunity to convey perhaps some speechless message or exchange glances. Most of lovers’ talking before people is with the eyes.

None of our boys come to take us out at any time, and a boy does not call to see a girl unless he intends

to marry her, and he is only permitted to come in the house after some frights and fears.

Balls are very popular among us, and anything with music is our great delight. We let down our dresses sooner than you girls do, for our great dream is to be a young lady—to be addressed by all as “señorita.”

You know, Love wounds the heart of every woman in this world, and we are by no means free from the wounds inflicted by that cruel Eros.

Here comes a little puzzle for foreigners in Mexico. A boy makes his declaration of love to a girl through a letter, very seldom by spoken words, as there are hardly any chances for those solemn occasions to take place. The girls receive letters by all means of communication except through the mail. My! Those letters have to be well hidden, especially if you possess old-maid aunts. It is considered more ladylike not to answer the first letter, but to wait for a number of letters, if you have an intention to answer; or, if not, the letter is returned to the author. If the girl consents to respond to the boy's love, they keep on writing, ask for each other's picture, exchange locks of hair, presents, and everything that is nice and sweet. Sometimes lovers can talk to each other in the following way: the girl sits or stands in her balcony; the boy stands in the street. Everybody looks at them, but

“Love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The petty follies they themselves commit.”

So Mexican lovers forget that they are the center of attraction of everybody who walks in the street.

They only watch carefully to avoid a meeting with the girl's father or anybody who has power to cause fright. If a boy intends to marry, he asks the girl if she is willing, etc.; then he declares it to his parents and asks his father to go to ask the father of the girl for her hand in marriage. The financial conditions are taken into consideration; and if all seems favorable, the father of the boy goes to see the girl's father with the purpose and object of asking for the girl's hand to be given to his son. This interview between the fathers of the future couple is a tremendous one. Everybody at home is excited, not knowing what the result will be. Sometimes it ends in serious anger on the part of the girl's father. It is always hard to give up the girl; but if all seems favorable, especially the financial state of the boy, the girl's hand is granted.

After this the boy may come into the girl's house and talk to her in the parlor. Sometimes if a girl possess a candid old-maid aunt or other cranky relatives, they come in and sit with her. This, of course, is not very pleasant for them to enjoy such select company when they had rather stay alone.

A date is set for the wedding. The boy looks for a house, furnishes it, and gives a certain amount for the girl's trousseau. Of course men do their best on this occasion. The presentation before the civil and religious authorities is made fifteen days before the marriage takes place. Certificates of birth and honorable witnesses for both are required. Our laws of marriage are very strict both in church and law. After the fifteen days, during which time the names

of the couple are published, great preparations are made. Godfathers are selected for the religious wedding. The bride wears the white bridal gown, her veil, orange blossoms, and carries a beautiful book of mass and a rosary of pearl. The girl is taken to church, accompanied by her godfather or by her own father; a beautiful wedding march is played both by orchestra and pipe organ, and they are united by the bonds of eternal union. On her way back her husband accompanies her, and generally they drive first to have their pictures taken, and then

go home to her parents' residence, where a dinner is served in their honor and a ball is given after it.

After all the feasting, rejoicing, and tears, the girl goes to her future home. A married girl retains her own name, and only her husband's surname is affixed to hers, preceded by the preposition "de"—of. Señora Maria Garcia de Guerrerro. She is addressed by all as "señora."

So life is quite different in these countries, but the arrows of Cupid wound the same. He is kept very busy both in Mexico and in the United States.

ELODIA DIAZ, '12.

Moods



The wind blows hot, the wind blows wild,
Whirling o'er sandy sea;
Its ruthless sway
And cruel way
Doth blast the soul of me.

The wind moans loud, the wind moans cold,
Shuddering through the tree;
Its shivery tone
And hopeless moan
Doth chill the heart of me.

The wind sighs soft, the wind sighs low,
Whispering o'er the lea;
A fragrance rare
From flowers fair
Is wafted back to me.

It sings of joy, it sings of grief—
Moods of Heaven's decree.
A laugh, a sigh
In passing by—
'Tis thus with thee and me.

M. I. M.

The Inevitable

IT was the dead of midnight; and as the month was October, it was rather cool. The Freshmen of a large Southern college for boys, having during the day learned of a plot of the Sophomores to "teach those pusillanimous Freshmen that they are forever our inferiors," had fled from the wrath to come, and fifty of them were now safely sheltered in the class president's room.

"We ain't so green, after all," giggled a small, red-headed, freckled-faced Freshman, who was shivering from sheer fright.

"Well, fellows, we're one on 'em for sure this time," the president said, as he admitted the last member of the class, shut the door, and locked and bolted it.

"Yes, you'd better bet we are," agreed the secretary.

"Gee, but won't they look blank when they find all our rooms empty?" another Freshman suggested.

"We must be quiet," the president ordered, "or they'll hear us, and—O!—then we'll catch it."

"Well, I'm simply smothering!" exclaimed a rather fat member of the class. "I'd jes' about as soon be paddled as to smother to death."

"Well, if you don't keep your mouth shut, I'll pitch you out at the window," one of the more slender members threatened.

"The next one that opens his mouth has got to get

out and suffer the consequences, for they'll be coming—"

The president did not finish the sentence, for there was heard a buzz in the distance that soon grew into audible whispers.

"I wonder where in the thunder they can be," a Sophomore remarked.

How the heart of each Freshman beat with joy! They were not then discovered.

"Whew-w-w! If—"

That was all the Freshmen heard. The next was uttered in a low whisper.

In a few minutes the Sophomores left the hall and went back to the campus. The Freshmen thought they had given up the search. But alas for the innocence of youth!

"We'll have to wait till they get to their rooms and are good asleep before we leave," the president told them.

He had scarcely closed his mouth when the sound of muffled footsteps was heard ascending the stairs. They heard the Sophomores moving about as if at work on something, and fear took hold of the Freshmen. What if they were going to pick the lock!

These unpleasant thoughts were interrupted by a veritable flood pouring through the transom, which the Freshmen in their precautions had not seen to be up.

The Sophomores had dragged up two hose from the campus and had fastened them to the faucets in the hall, and for almost fifteen minutes the "rats" thought that "the flood" had returned in its original force.

Through the windows the cool night air blowing in on the soaked bodies of the "Freshies" was cer-

tainly enough to have taken the green off the grass. The Freshmen bore it without a murmur, although many of their teeth were chattering and their bodies were solid icebergs.

.
They awoke the next morning a "sadder and a wiser" crowd, but firmly resolved to even up.

M. L. A., '11.



Four Long Years



O, it's hard to stay in school
Four long years,
And always keep the rule
Four long years!
For we can't do as we please,
And we know there's no surcease;
So we wait for our release—
Four long years.

If it weren't for study hall
Four long years;
If they'd give us basket ball
All these years;
If we never did get beat,
And had something good to eat,
It would simply be a treat—
Four long years.

But the study bell we hear
Four long years,
And defeat at ball we fear
Four long years;
And we sometimes yield the palm,
Or are stricken with a qualm,
And we simply can't be calm—
Four long years.

Then it's just the same old thing
Four long years,
Through winter, fall, and spring—
Four long years.
It's calls to recitation,
And it's bells for meditation,
With but little recreation—
Four long years.

O, our task is truly hard
Four long years!
But we look for our reward
Four long years.
On exams. we sometimes "flunk,"
If we can't give up our "bunk;"
For we've got to have the spunk—
Four long years.

MEMORY ALDRIDGE.

An October Day

A MISTY haze spread over the universe. The sunbeams softly penetrated it, casting a shadowy mantle over the day. The chatter of the birds, preparing for their long flight South, sounded distant and indistinct. The gentle breezes lightly caressed each plant and flower, each tiny blade of grass, each mighty tree. Red and yellow autumn leaves chased each other downward, weaving a magnificent Oriental carpet on the soft, brown earth. Yellow branches of golden-rod swayed peacefully to and fro in the fence corners. Masses of white clouds, of every conceivable shape, piled up here and there, breaking in upon the blue expanse of the heavens. Fields of snow-white cotton

stretched away to the dim horizon to unite with the gleaming clouds.

The brooks and rivulets, murmuring sweetly on their way to the great ocean, sparkled with the soft luster of precious stones laid away in their dim, satin-lined caskets. On the moist banks grew luxurious masses of dark-green ferns and patches of velvet moss. Occasionally an adventurous squirrel appeared to sun himself on the limb of the dead tree in which he had built his home. Far away among the purple shadows a care-free shepherd lad whistled an old, familiar love song. The reapers sang joyfully at their work in the fields. All nature seemed in a state of melancholy happiness.

Ye Ballade of Ye Loste Privilege

In ye olden tyme ye maidens fair
Possessed ye privilege so rare
Of faring forth unchaperoned,
And felt as if ye earth they owned.

Ye maids of Junior Class they be,
And Seniors, too, soon to be free
From ye carking care of study hall
And answering ye bells' loud call.

A lordly lot these maidens were;
Where'er they went they caused a stir.
Their wit and learning were so vast,
Ye feared such wonders could not last.

Alas! ye maids grew overproud;
One damsel spake ye words out loud:
"I fear not ye demerits grim."
Dame Pittman gave her one of them.

Another damsel loved a youth—
A comely lad, I vow, forsooth.
Quoth she: "I will a letter write."
Her privilege quickly took its flight.

Ye others lost them day by day;
Ye privilege seemèd loath to stay.
Ye damsels wept and wailed full sore;
Their clothes they rent, their hair they tore.

Ye hearts of Fresh. and Sophomore
Are gladdened to ye inmost core,
For now ye upper classes proud
Are a "sadder and a wiser" crowd.

E. L. B.

A Poem



The plaintive song of a bird at eve
Was strangely sweet to me—
A dreamy note
From trembling throat,
More than a melody.

It sang from out the twilight gloom,
Sad as a soul's vain plea:
"Ah, bird of air,
I know the prayer
Which thrills from yonder tree."

The starlit blue succeeds the gray;
Silence reigns in the tree.
"Sing on, wild bird;
Thy song is heard;
A heart is answering thee."

M. I. M.

Subconscious Brain Work

SCHOOL was proceeding in its usual quiet manner, when Miss Moore entered the chapel and announced: "Girls, the judgment will begin in one hour."

She told Miss Jackson to dismiss school, and for the girls to go to their rooms and dress in uniform costume, and to come to the dining hall immediately upon the ringing of the bell; for the judgment was to be held in the dining hall, and, as usual, the bell was used as the signal.

We rushed upstairs in great disorder, but the thought of dressing in uniforms never entered our confused minds. Soon from every nook and corner of the building could be heard the sighs and cries of agonizing girls. Poor old Florence's feet had forgotten the spirited, fantastic steps; and she was kneeling in one corner of the dark room, pleading that her shoe bills might be blotted from the book of remembrance. Catherine's first act was to tear up all the ragtime music she could find. Etta made a flying trip over the second and third floors, making apologies. Memory was tenderly caressing Rene's scarred neck, saying: "Rene, hun., if you will only forgive me for making all of these ugly scars, I will not fear the judgment." There were a great number of girls confronted by visions of walks skipped and midnight feasts attended.

The hour swiftly passed, and the old college bell sent its last warning. The girls crept downstairs

and into the dining hall. As I was entering the door, I saw some one eyeing me very keenly, whom I at once recognized as Miss Pittman. She caught my arm and demanded: "What are you doing going to judgment without your uniform? Of course there is no use of you even appearing before the judge. I distinctly remember this dress; it is Miss Sargent's. You may as well come and go with me."

This made me very angry. I told her that I had been engaged in something of a great deal more importance than dressing in uniform. I tore my arm from her firm grasp and rushed through the doorway.

In the rear of the dining room was a beautiful white throne, and upon the majestic seat sat Miss Moore. Around it were seats for the Faculty. I noticed two vacant seats, and asked Beth why they were vacant. She said: "They were placed there for Miss Pittman and Miss Branscomb; but as Miss Pittman started to sit down, a stream of examination questions began flowing through the seat, and this was followed by a river of demerits which carried her away on the strong tide, and, in the attempt to save Miss Pittman, Miss Branscomb was washed away."

As I gazed upon that awe-inspiring scene, my whole past life seemed to glide before me. Miss Moore cast her eyes upon me, and my knees shook with fright. Impelled by some mysterious force, I

drew slowly nearer to the judgment bar. When it seemed as if my knees would no longer support me, Miss Moore pointed her finger at me and said, in a loud, accusing voice that sounded like the trumpet of doom: "What have you to say for yourself?" Before I could answer, I began to get dizzy, everything

swam before me, I felt a strong drowsiness coming over me, and—

"Get up; second bell has rung!" cried my roommate, shaking me vigorously.

I woke, and thankfully was made aware that the time for reckoning had not yet arrived.

B. LEVIE.



Past, Present, and Future



We hear of the girls that used to be
Sheltered within these walls,
Their laughter, as ours, full of glee,
Ringing throughout these halls.

We hear of the pranks they used to play,
The demerits they used to get,
And we wonder if in present days
They look back with sad regret

To the moments spent in old A. C.,
When the future seemed all fair—
A time of only laughter and glee,
All sunshine, with never a care (?).

And then perchance we hear a sigh—
A sigh half joy, half pain—
For the days that now are going by
And can never come back again.

We wonder what the future holds—
Just as all girls will do—
And if when the last hard lesson's told
Our dreams will all come true.

WYNNE BOBBITT.

Sonnet: The Rising Bell



O thou who sendest from thee all around
Melodious tones, recurring yet, until
Each girl is wakened from her slumbers still,
We welcome thee with joy sincere, profound.
Thou callest us back to work that we have found
More pleasant than vain sleep, in which we fill
Our minds with idle phantoms, and our will
Doth have no part. A hundred voices drown
Thy echoes with these songs, joyfully sung:
"Is that the second rising bell I hear?"
And, "Are you sure that two have really rung?"
Then when each is assured beyond a fear,
She rises, studies, and, her tasks among,
Thanks thee who brought her back to labors dear.

IRENE MERKEL, '10.



WE PRINT
ACCIDENTS
SCANDALS
AND DEMER
ITS WITH
GREAT CHEER
Beuz
we know who
our subscribers is

ATHENS BANNER



EDITED By Oraculus
Oracle

Everybody
wants some
think Result
they get no-
think. Ad
vertise in
the Bann
er and see
what you
get.

EDDY TORIAL

It is our opinun thet to mutch wurk is not healthy to Humanity. To pruve this we nearly prefer you to our highly cared for citisen, R. C. Davis. Look how wurk hes worn her to the bone. Now nobody cares to be in such a condition; therefore, worthy readers, we declare to you thet to mutch wurk is not healthy to Humanity. On the other hand of this most important question, you heve only to turn your eyes on another respectful citisen, E. Huffstutler, who never wurks and takes life easy. All my readers who know this sed citisen will join me in agreein thet no wurk is healthy to Humanity.

SAVED FROM THE GRAVE!

Miss Mattie May Pearson, who hes been in a criticul conditun by reason uv the Approachin exams., reports thet she feels like she hed been drew frum the grave now thet she hes passed on Fisix. We are heartily glad to here this, fur we would hate verry mutch to lose our nabor and subscribur, Miss Mattie Mae.

COUNTRY CORRESPONDANCE.

Pike.

Every one busy these days. Exams. not far off.

B. Roden wuz scene in West Pike Sun. evenin. Wonder what wuz the attractun.

Miss Mabel Waters reports thet her abundant suppli ov

Fary Sope, which formerly consisted ov ½ bar, hes entirely disapeared. Our deepest simpathe is with her in her loss.

It hes been noticed with grate appreciatun by the inhabitants of this naborhood thet Miss Ona Peck hes at last succumbed to Faschun in haredressin.

It is with grate sorrow thet we here thet H. Howard, a respectful citisen, hes hapened to a grate calamitie, havin been put on the "chane gang."

It is rumored thet Z. McWhorter is makin eyes at a certane young ladie at Annex. Somebody at Annex better get busie, or they'll get left.

No rain lately.

We wish the Banner a hapie and joyus yere.

BLUE EYES.

COUNTY FARE

VISITORS FRUM ALL
THE BORDERIN
CITYS.

Miss Sturdivant the Bell ov
the Gatherin.

BUTIFUL EXIBITS.

Last Sat. the Skule House wuz the seen of mutch festivitys, a County Fare bein held. Many Fare visitors cum frum all over the country. Among the distinguished ladie visitors wuz Miss Sady Sturdivant. She wuz butiful, and wore a scarlet red silk waist, with a yellow buff wool skirt and a straw sailor trimmed in pea-green feathers. There wuz a trane ov village swanes at her feet the whole day.

(Continued over.)

They are all hopin thet she will visit our citie agane in the Future.

There wuz also sum wonderful exhibits frum evry where. The most wonderful wuz a marvelous animule, a nikle-eatin goose, which wuz a attractun ov the day. This goose wuz brought frum parts unknown.

Among the exhibits wuz sum picturs drew by the Art Sassiety of this burg. The people wuz ov the opinun thet sum ov the picturs aught to be put in a big Art gallery. This County Fare wuz held for the Art Sassiety, and a big sum wuz made.

SASSIETY NOTES.

Miss Pearlle Sawyer hed a candie pullin at her butiful home on 3d st., South, last Fri. All the damsels and gallents ov our city wuz present. H. McCary brought Miss Elna Elliott, and I. Merkel wuz with Miss Aldridge as usual, but we wuz verry mutch surprised to see K. Walston with Miss Mamie Taylor. Wonder what wuz the matter with I. Duke and how he felt next day. The candie wuz good, and every one reported a good time.

The Singin School is heard practicing evry evenin. We here thet they are goin to give a intertainment soon. Evrybody come to here them, fur they have been wurkin mighty hard.

The Elocutun Club give a drama last weak, named "A

Bachlur's Revry." Evry one carryd out there parts butiful, and it wuz a mighty grate success.

There wuz a Easter Egg Hunt in the skulehouse yard on Sat. before Easter. All the chillun who found eny eggs sed as how they wuz mighty good. Eggs must be gettin cheap, as we wuz gratified to see them so plentiful on that day.

PERSONAL MENTCHUN.

A. Leeth wuz scene out ridin last Sun. evenin with Miss Grubbs. This is gettin commun hear lately. There must be sumthin to it.

We wuz glad to see C. L. Brandon, frum Annex, in town Wed. He called by our office and pade his long standin subscriptun to the Banner. Call again, C. L.

M. R. Vandiver, frum Siberia, wuz in town Sat. He wuz a welcum visitor at our office.

Some ov our readers are complainin thet we don't print enuf accidents, demerits, and scandals hear lately. It is not our fault. Get busie, evrybody.

GRATE CALAMITY!!!

On Apr. Fule the people ov this burg wuz mutch shocked to see, instid ov the usual parade of black draped Seenurs, walkin in the Skule House, a line ov gigglin, insignificant

Freshmen, clothed in the high and mighty robes ov stait belongin to the aforesed Seenurs. Therefore sed inhabitants wuz grately outraged by sutch presumptuous happenins, and the Seenurs hes decided thet there feelins is stepped on.

The ultimate and inevitable end ov this insult is unknown to us, but the Banner wishes to remind its intellegant readers thet it hearby sets its firmest disapproval on sutch on-dacious doins.

QUESTUN BOX.

Conducted for the Instructun of Our Subscriburs.

ANSWERS BY THE EDITUR.

"Deer Editur: Will you pleze tell me how I kin recover 5 cts. which hez been owin two me sense last Dec. I loaned it two a girl two get sum ice creme, and I heve never heard frum it sense. Pleze ans., as I nede the 5 cts. X."

Ans.—This problem is two mutch for our brane. If we new how to get thet 5 cts., we might heve new how two get our long standin subscriptuns and be in a flourishin conditun now. ED.

"Deer Editur: Kin you suggest a way for me to make my sweathart luv me? I heve tryed evry way I kin thynk ov, and it hes not done no good. BROKEN HART."

Ans.—We fele thet the best ans. we kin offer you to this is to prefer you to some ov our readers who hes succeeded in this matter. We would like to here frum sum ov our subscriburs on this point. ED.

"Deere Ed.: I am intindin standin an exam. in Sichologie real sune. How earlie would you advyse me to get up and studie for it? ANXIOUS."

Ans.—We do not know how mutch you no on sed subject; but if you don't no know more on it than we do, we would advise you to get up real early. ED.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD.

I Have Visions uv the Future.

CAN TELL YOU TO A CERTAINTY
WHAT IS GOING TO BE-
COME OF YOU.

Onlie 15 cts. a head. This cost is not mutch,
so be sure and sea the grate, celebrated

B. LEVIE.

52 ANNEX.



JOKES

Ruth Burns: "Let's go to the drug store. I want to get some massage cream."

Lola Faust: "O, I've been, and they haven't a thing but chocolate and vanilla!"

Ida (studying Economics): "Who is the ultimate consumer?"

Mabel: "Don't you remember? The ultimate consumer is the one who eats the hash."

"Annie Buck:" "I've been reading old Chaucer all day."

"Cat" Davis: "Why, I didn't know you studied Greek."

Helen: "This cream tastes like frozen hot chocolate."

Miss Pittman (in Chemistry): "What elements could we have found in what we ate for dinner today?"

Miss Diaz: "Phosphorus in the bones."

From a Sub. to Her "Case"

"My sweat angle, i luvu you. Why do you note answer my not? Your Case."

In Virgil they came to the phrase: "And they throw the superfluous girl babies in the river."

Elodia (whispering to Ruth): "What does 'superfluous' mean—fat?"

I care not for your honors,
I dare not hope for II's;
I know I never "busted,"
So I haven't got the "blues."

Miss Moore (in *Economics*): "What does the book say of the advantages of interests?"

Jo Key: "It says it will tell more about that in the next chapter."

"Leesten, Hans, und I vill you a leetle fable getell. Don't know vat a fable iss? Vell, leesten. A fable iss ein leetle story vat iss seelly, but vat wise folks tink iss got a moral in him. Once upon a time saw a

cat a leetle bird resting his tiny feet on a tub. Now this tub did a lot of water gehelt, but die cat did not know dot. Up springs the cat at the bird, but the bird away flies, and poor puss a good bath instead gets."

"Und vat iss der moral?" says Hans. "Dot he should look before he leaps?"

"Nein, nein, you esel—dot a bath iss better than a good meal."



Here's to the girl with eyes of gray!
Ask for a kiss, and she turns away.
Here's to the girl with eyes of black!
Ask for a kiss, and she turns her back.
Here's to the girl with eyes of brown!
Ask for a kiss, and she turns around.
Here's to the girl with eyes of blue!
Ask for a kiss, she says: "Take two."

Who's Who in Athens

(Decided by votes)



The Prettiest Girl Catherine Davis
Second Place Elizabeth Pride

The Greatest Coquette Carrye Lowe
Second Place Florence Harris

The Tallest Girl Zella McWhorter
Second Place Sadie Sturdivant

The Shortest Girl Carmelita Garnica
Second Place Mattie Mae Pearson

The Jolliest Girl Mary Key
Second Place Carrie Louise Brandon

The Hungriest Girl Emmett Morton
Second Place Nelle Mealing

The Girl with the Talkative Eyes . Elizabeth Self
Second Place Elodia Diaz

The Most Original Girl Pearle Sawyer
Second Place Josephine Key

The Fastest Talker Esther Barrett
Second Place Memory Aldridge

The Coolest-Headed Irene Stovall
Second Place Bess Levie

("Because," as the votes explained, "she has nothing on her head.")

The Most Interesting Girl Elodia Diaz
Second Place Pearle Sawyer

The Gentlest Girl Lillian Shelby
Second Place Beth Taylor

The Most Mischievous Girl Etta Moore
Second Place Mary Ruth Vandiver

The Handsomest Girl Dudley Tutwiler
Second Place Mabel Waters

The Harum-Scarum Girl Lola Faust
(No one else in the race.)

The Cutest Girl Hal McCary
Second Place Memory Aldridge

The Most Athletic Girl Margaret Tutwiler
Second Place Ida Duke

The Girl who Laughs Most Elna Elliott
Second Place Carrye Lowe

The Sweetest Girl Bernice Roden
Second Place Lizzie Blankenship

The Laziest Girl Evelyn Downey
Second Place Robbie C. Davis

The Sleepiest Girl Evelyn Downey
Second Place Robbie C. Davis

The Quietest Girl Mattie Williamson
Second Place Lillian Shelby

The Smartest Girl Irene Merkel
Second Place Kathouise Walston

The Most Polite Girl Maggie Griffith
Second Place Bernice Roden

The Wittiest Girl Mary Key
Second Place Josephine Key

The Biggest Bluffer Alma Leeth
Second Place Anna Dinsmore

The Neatest Girl Hazel McClure
Second Place Eunice Hayes

The Most Studious Girl Ozie York
Second Place Maggie Griffith

The Best All-Round Girl Beth Taylor
Second Place Irene Merkel



Formation of Love

Experiment No. 1

TEST TUBE; spirit lamp; filter paper; evaporating dish; granulated attention; concentrated acid of encouragement; mutual satisfaction.

Place in a test tube a few pieces of granulated attention, and pour over it 5 cc. of concentrated acid of encouragement. Bubbles will rise, and a gas known as "sincere interest" is given off in large quantities. This may be collected in vessels and preserved for future use. Now add to some of the sincere interest in solution some of the solution of mutual satisfaction. Heat this mixture over the spirit lamp, and it becomes a heavy, dark liquid,

which is extreme interest mixed with an impure substance called "doubt." Then filter the solution, put some in an evaporating dish, and heat it on a sand bath. If the experiment is carried on properly, the doubt will pass off as a vapor, leaving a salt, which is pure extreme interest. This, if treated with a pleasing substance known as "constant companionship," is transformed into a tender, yielding substance recognized by experienced chemists as true love. The reaction is sometimes accompanied by a by-product in the form of a colorless, unstable gas, called "infatuation," and is often mistaken for the true product.

How They May be Recognized

Ruby Sargent—Talking about “Sam.”
Bernice Roden—Always with “Mary P.”
Mary Persinger—Always with Bernice.
Evelyn Downey—Late to breakfast.
Eloise Huffstutler—Asking questions.
Ida Syfrett—Looking at Memory.
“Cat” Davis—Playing “rag.”
“Yap” Garnica—Saying, “My soul!”
Maggie Griffith—Eternally practicing.
Mattie Williamson—Lending Miss Hayes her watch.
Dee Scarbrough—Talking up midnight feasts.
Nelle Mealing—Leading the Glee Club.
Ozie York—Working Analyt. for the rest of class.
Kathouise Walston—Studying Physics.
Anna Dinsmore—Copying for the Oracle.
Florence Harris—All ribbon, no hair.
Mattie Mae Pearson—Wanting to see “the baby.”
Elizabeth Self—“Casing” with Miss Perry.
Louise Beasley—“Let’s go get something to eat.”
Marie Toney—Sending “eats” to Ruth.

The Athenian Ads

FOR SALE—Complete set of my works, as follows:

- "Hints on Raising Money."
- "How to Manage Advertisers."
- "Best Methods of Collecting."
- "How to Approach a Deadhead."

These books are all based on experience.

M. ALDRIDGE,
39 Annex.

EDUCATIONAL—Lessons in Jigging every afternoon. Special rates on Saturdays.

F. HARRIS & E. BARRETT,
Siberia.

Ida Duke would like to exchange a portion of talent in Math. for same amount in English.

LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN (most probably strayed)—My hair. Finder will receive reward by returning same to

B. LEVIE,
52 Annex.

WANTED—A new expression.

E. MORTON.

Will gladly exchange two hours of study hall for same amount of time beginning with second rising bell.

E. DOWNEY.

FOR SALE—Unlimited stock of Brass. Sold in 50-cent and \$1 packages.

R. BURNS.

WANTED—To know price of "Dandereine."

ES. BARRETT.

WANTED—A hair restorative.

R. VANDIVER,
E. MOORE,
F. HARRIS,
D. SCARBROUGH,
B. TUCKER.

LOST—A rat. E. V. RYBODY.

Big reward offered for return of box of paint lost by

C. L. BRANDON.

WANTED—To know how to get good grades without studying. Am willing to pay well for the solution.

RUTH HOWARD.

NOTICE—Up-to-date hairdressing done at all hours. Reasonable terms.

RUBY SARGENT.

WANTED—A few more curls.

CARRIE LOWE.

FOUND—A solution of "churchgoing." Will exchange for a method of skipping walk.

B. RODEN.

WANTED—Information which will lead to the recovery of a long black coat. Last seen with Carrye Lowe.

CATHERINE DAVIS.

LOST—An Inspiration. Finder please return same and receive reward.

I. MERKEL,
54 Annex.

NOTICE—Voice lessons under the celebrated Prof. Emmett Morton are available at reasonable terms.

FOR RENT—Seat in the Senior row. Desirable location behind a post. Reason for renting same: am compelled to move since last exam. Address

R. C.,
Care Oracle.

WANTED—A "case." Will be very attentive.

LUCILLE KNOX,
Pike.

FOR SALE—Chemistry Notebook. Very thorough. Will be of great use to any member of Chemistry Class next year. Call on or write to

A. LEETH,
Room 15, Main.

NOTICE—Any one in the "dead-broke" state may find temporary relief at my pawnshop, 23 Over Pike.

P. SAWYER.

"How I Have Fooled Them—Teachers;" "Best Way to Cheat—um;" "How I Became Famous Through My Voice." Newest things out; bargains.

B. TAYLOR.

WANTED—Information which will lead to discovery of person who left H₂S valve open in Chemistry Lab. on last Thursday.

CLASS.

Old books for sale, dirt cheap; very little used. Address

SENIOR CLASS,
Senior Row, Chapel.

Jokes

Dee: "I don't think Napoleon was so great, after all."

Linda: "Why?"

Dee: "Because I know I have to use as much strategy in passing Miss Pittman's door on the way to a feast as it took for him to conquer Europe."

"Toney:" "Did you know Evelyn Downey put a clock under her pillow every night?"

"Yap:" "No, but I knew she liked to sleep over-time."

"The rule says: 'Uniform hats must be worn straight on the head.' What do you mean with yours on crooked, Miss Merkel?"

"Please, Miss Moore, it's my face that's crooked."

Beth: "Let's have a 'grip' in our club."

Pearle: "All right. I have a little satchel upstairs that will be just the thing."

Miss Diaz (translating): "'They make hats of the epidermis of the beaver.'"



Can You Imagine

Pearle Sawyer with black hair?
Lillian Shelby five feet tall?
Annie Buchanan going to a feast?
The Seniors without anything to do?
Memory Aldridge silent?
Ozie York "casing?"
Dudley Tutwiler studying?
The Sophomores without any conceit?

Mary Persinger not getting a letter every mail?
Beth Taylor without her hair curled?
Robbie Davis playing basket ball?
A whole day with nothing to do?
Mary Key solemn?
Nelle Cotten without bows on her hair?
Ida Duke in a hurry?
Carrye Lowe with her hat on straight?

Charge of the Feasters

Twelve o'clock, twelve o'clock,
Twelve o'clock midnight;
Down in the Science room,
House as still as any tomb,
Slipped the gay feasters.

"Where have the pickles gone?"
"I have just got to yawn."
"B'lieve I could eat till dawn."
Such are the whispers.

Teachers to right of them,
Teachers to left of them,
Teachers in front of them,
Yet still they dared them;
For, roused by hunger deep,
Up from their troubled sleep,
Down the long stairs they creep,
Whose loud creaking scared them.

"Hush! There's a sound out there!"
On end stood every hair;
They knew what fate they'd share
If the night watchman caught them.
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to turn and fly,
Theirs but to eat or die;
Experience had taught them.

"Shucks, it's the college cat,
Hunting for some poor old rat,
And we were scared at that!"

Thus spoke the leader.
"Let's get to work again."
"Those olives stick like sin;
I want a long hat pin,
'Cause why? I need her."

Crackers and cheese were slain,
Cake passed away in pain;
They ate with might and main,
While Faculty slumbered (?).
Then when the grub gave out,
Each one, grown strangely stout,
Went on her homeward route;
(Their days were numbered.)

Next morn at breakfast hour,
With faces drawn and sour,
Seems by no earthly power
Can they their tea stir.
Hash has no charm for them,
Grits only harm for them;
For Miss Moore made it warm for them.
Poor midnight feasters!

ESTHER BARRETT.



T. B. A.

Established, 1904



Flower

Rose.

Colors

Green and White.

Motto

"Ser y no parecer."

MEMBERS

CARRIE LOUISE BRANDON - - - - - Bessemer
LIZZIE BLANKENSHIP - - - - - Riverton
ANNIE BUCHANAN - - - - - Riverton
RUTH BURNS - - - - - Gadsden
IDA DUKE - - - - - Birmingham
ANNA DINSMORE - - - - - Falkville

MAGGIE GRIFFITH - - - - - Hoke's Bluff
IRENE MERKEL - - - - - Birmingham
MARY PERSINGER - - - - - Birmingham
SADIE STURDIVANT - - - - - Bessemer
BETH TAYLOR - - - - - Brownsville, Tenn.
MAMIE TAYLOR - - - - - Stanton, Tenn.

Absent Members

ELIZABETH BUCHANAN - - - - - Riverton
ELMINA GREEN - - - - - Conyers, Ga.
FRANKIE HERTZLER - - - - - Madison
MATTIE ALLEN JACKSON - - - - - Iuka, Miss.

EMMA KENNEDY - - - - - Illinois
HENRIETTA MASTIN - - - - - Huntsville
NELLE PENNINGTON - - - - - Ripley, Tenn.
ANNA MAE SHOOK - - - - - Bridgeport

D. K. P.

Established, 1906



Colors

Green and Gold.



Flower

Jonquil.

Motto

"Tell the truth, but don't make a habit of it."

MEMBERS

IRENE STOVALL	- - - - -	Jasper	HALLIE McCARY	- - - - -	Huntsville
ALMA LEETH	- - - - -	Cullman	CATHERINE DAVIS	- - - - -	Birmingham
		HAZEL McCLURE	- - - - -	Wilmore, Ark.	

Absent Members

SCOTTIE HUGHES	- - - - -	Wilmore, Ark.	ESTHER WADSWORTH	- - - - -	Birmingham
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K. O. S.

Founded, 1907



Colors
Gold and Black

Flower
Narcissus.

Motto
"Aim high, if you hit the bottom."

MEMBERS

MEMORY ALDRIDGE	- - - - -	Jacksonville
ESTHER BARRETT	- - - - -	Bessemer
ELNA ELLIOTT	- - - - -	Columbiana
SUSIE GLENN	- - - - -	Decatur
HELEN HOWARD	- - - - -	Birmingham
JOSEPHINE KEY	- - - - -	Russellville
CARRYE LOWE	- - - - -	Hazel Green
BERNICE RODEN	- - - - -	Collinsville
PEARLE SAWYER	- - - - -	Albertville
RUBY SARGENT	- - - - -	Birmingham



ELIZABETH SELF	- - - - -	Laurel, Miss.
MABEL WATERS	- - - - -	Birmingham

Absent Members

MARIE COUCH	- - - - -	Birmingham
ADA CURTIS	- - - - -	McMinnville, Tenn.
ALVA SHELL	- - - - -	Birmingham
ADDIE WAE VANN	- - - - -	Birmingham
MAE VANN	- - - - -	Birmingham

Double Three



Colors
Pink and White.

Flower
Double Hyacinth.

Motto
"Double-dog dare you."

MEMBERS

"Chief Cussers" - - - - - ELIZABETH SELF and HELEN HOWARD
 "Chief Wits" - - - - - JOSEPHINE KEY and ELODIA DIAZ
 "Deux Fous" - - - - - IRENE STOVALL and ALMA LEETH

Favorite Stunt

"JO" - - - - -	"As You Like It"	"RENIE" - - - - -	"Putting Miss Pittman wise"
"DAZ" - - - - -	"Writing to my sweetheart"	"VENUS" - - - - -	"Giggling"
"MEEKIE" - - - - -	"Getting excused from practice"	"FRENCHIE" - - - - -	"Going to town"



" Fair Japonica "

“Fair Japonica”

Flower
Chrysanthemum.

Motto
“Always sit on the floor.”

Nicknames

MARIANNE GRUBBS - - - - - “Marianne”
MARIE TONEY - - - - - “Toney”
CARMELITA GARNICA - - - - - “Yap”
MARGARET TUTWILER - - - - - “Little Tut”
RUTH HOWARD - - - - - “Rufus”

EUNICE HAYES - - - - - “Dolly”
RUTH ANDERSON - - - - - “Grandma”
JOSIE McCALEB - - - - - “It”
ELIZABETH PRIDE - - - - - “Our Virgin Queen”
DUDLEY TUTWILER - - - - - “Lord Dudley”

Sayings

“OUR VIRGIN QUEEN” - - - - - “For heaven’s sake!”
“LORD DUDLEY” - - - - - “How sympathetic!”
“YAP” - - - - - “I ain’t”
“DOLLY” - - - - - “Miss Meek said so”
“MARIANNE” - - - - - “I’d be ashamed”

“LITTLE TUT” - - - - - “Kiss me”
“TONEY” - - - - - “I might get a demerit”
“RUFUS” - - - - - “Let’s do”
“GRANDMA” - - - - - “Keep quiet”
“IT” - - - - - “Child, that’s grand”

Occupations

“RUFUS” - - - - - “Smoking”
“OUR VIRGIN QUEEN” - - - - - “Hugging Lord Dudley”
“IT” - - - - - “Keeping quiet”
“GRANDMA” - - - - - “Being shy”
“DOLLY” - - - - - “Grinning”

“LITTLE TUT” - - - - - “Dignity”
“YAP” - - - - - “Flirting”
“TONEY” - - - - - “Holding hands”
“MARIANNE” - - - - - “Admiring herself”
“LORD DUDLEY” - - - - - “Eating”

Ku Klux Klan



Swastica	- - -	Great High Mogul
Cross	- - - - -	High Master
X	- - - - -	Grand Pilot
Triangle	- - - - -	Grand Chancellor
Triangle and Dot	- - - - -	Guard
Circle and Dot	- - - - -	Guard
Question Mark	- - - - -	Detective

Milton's Fallen Angels

Rendezvous
Pandemonium.

Watchword
"Dog Bite."

Symbol
Flaming Sword.

Colors
Red and Black.

Charm
Fire and Brimstone.

Favorite Employment
Reading "Paradise Lost."

MEMBERS

Satan - - - - -	IRENE STOVALL
Beelzebub - - - - -	HELEN HOWARD
Moloch - - - - -	JOSEPHINE KEY
Belial - - - - -	ALMA LEETH
Mammon - - - - -	IDA DUKE
Ashtoreth - - - - -	ELIZABETH SELF
Rimmon - - - - -	RUBY SARGENT
Dagon - - - - -	EUNICE McDONALD
Tammuz - - - - -	MABEL WATERS

"Devil with devil damned, firm concord holds;
men only disagree of creatures rational."



The Bessemer Freaks

Three Louises

SADIE LOUISE

ESTHER LOUISE

CARRIE LOUISE

There once were three charming Louises,
Who were all quite as airy as breezes.

They came to this college,

They said, to get knowledge;

But we fear they were very great teasers.



1.

The oldest of these was named Sadie,
By some considered a "Lady."

Her shoes were eights,

And never were mates;

And she loved a young fellow named Grady.

2.

The second in line is Esther,
And she we never dare pester.

Her shoes, which are nines,

She can throw in straight lines—

We know, for we once tried to test her.

3.

The youngest of all is named Carrie.
She was once very anxious to marry;

But her number ten shoes

Gave the young man the blues,

And the poor wretch dared not tarry.

The Skippers



MEMBERS

"MEM," when she has no letters to write;
"FUZZY," when she hasn't heard from "papa dad;"
"JAP," when Nelle is out of sight;
"TWILIGHT," when her "case" is mad;
"HAL," when she isn't in the office;
"HAZELNUT," doesn't ever miss.

Absent Members

SETTA MASTIN	MINA GREEN
SHUCKS SHOOK	ES. WADSWORTH



P. C. D.

Flower
Red Rose.

MEMBERS

REBECCA CHANDLER	- - - - -	Athens
MAMIE CRUTCHER	- - - - -	Athens
FRANCES SANDERS	- - - - -	Athens

Red-Head Peckerwoods

OFFICERS

RED RODEN - - - - - Reddest of the Red
JO KEY - - - - - Crimson
P. SAWYER - - - - - Garnet

MEMBERS

ANNA DINSMORE	RED RODEN
MARY KEY	P. SAWYER
MARY PERSINGER	JO KEY



The Spectators



Main Jigger	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MARY KEY
Second Jigger	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	RUTH HOWARD
Another Jigger	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	LOLA FAUST
Main Spectator	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	EUNICE HAYS
Second Spectator	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	RUTH ANDERSON
Another Spectator	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	KATHOUISE WALSTON

Orchestra

HAZEL McCLURE and ELIZABETH PRIDE

Ordinary Mortals

EMMETT MORTON

ROBBIE DAVIS

CARRIE LOUISE BRANDON

OLLIE PEETE

Evil Spirit

MISS PITTMAN

The Skeeters



Color
Fiery Red

Flower
Chigger Weed.

Motto
"Trouble, trouble—forget it."

Aim
Get through school the best way you can.

MEMBERS

HAZEL McCLURE
CAD LOWE

FUZZY BURNS
TRIXY BRANDON

HAL McCARY

Absent Members

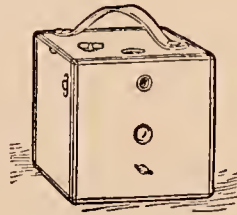
SETTA MASTIN
SHUCKS SHOOK
MAT. ALLEN JACKSON
SCOTTIE HUGHES

ES. WADSWORTH
MINA GREEN
PENNY PENNINGTON
FRANK HERTZLER

Kodakers

MEMBERS

SUSIE GLENN	IRENE MERKEL
EUNICE HAYES	JOSEPHINE KEY
ALMA LEETH	ELODIA DIAZ
LUCILE KNOX	IRENE STOVALL
PEARLE SAWYER	HAZEL McCLURE
RUTH ANDERSON	





"College Kids"



SNAP



SHOTS



SNAP

SHOTS

Baldheads



Motto

" Happy-go-lucky."

Colors

Dark Blue and Gray.

FLORENCE HARRIS - - - - - President

MEMBERS

FLORENCE HARRIS	- - - - -	" Bob "
ETTA MOORE	- - - - -	" Tom "
BERTHA TUCKER	- - - - -	" Harry "
MARY RUTH VANDIVER	- - - - -	" Jack "
DEE SCARBOROUGH	- - - - -	" John "

The Doo Dollies

Motto

"Give me a good time, or give me death."
"Don't keer if I do."

Guardian Angel

Mrs. Murrah.

Favorite Candy

Fudge, packed in shoe boxes.

B. B. H. C. T. S. G



MEMBERS

"CUTE-UN" BARRETT - - - - - "Shoot, Woman!"
"BIG-UN" STURDIVANT - - - - - "Doo Shiggit!"
"LITTLE-UN" BRANDON - - - - - "O, Pap!"
"GRUB LADY" BEASLEY - - - - - "By Shully!"

"RED" DINSMORE - - - - - "By Hokey!"
"MAW" LEVIE - - - - - "Living Horrors!"
"MULE" DUKE - - - - - "I Say the Word!"
"PETE" PEETE - - - - - "Mascot!"

Jolly Bachelors



SONG

Hail, hail, the gang's all here!
 What in the world do we care?
 What in the world do we care?
 Hail, hail, the gang's all here!
 What in the world do we care?

GANG

"BILL" DUKE	- - - - -	Lawyer	"MOSE" STURDIVANT	- - - - -	Preacher
"TOM" SAWYER	- - - - -	Doctor	"DICK" MERKEL	- - - - -	Baseball Shark
"SAM" WATERS	- - - - -	Drummer	"JAKE" ALDRIDGE	- - - - -	Sport
"BOB" BARRETT	- - - - -	Civil Engineer	"HAL" McCARY	- - - - -	Sport

Kimono Klub



Motto

"Be an eater."

Hours

Any old time after midnight.

MEMBERS

"P." SAWYER	"SUGAR" GLENN
"FRESH" WATERS	"RENE" MERKEL
"MERM" ALDRIDGE	"RED" RODEN
"IDAHO" DUKE	"BETH" TAYLOR
"MOGGIE" GRIFFITH	"CHUNK" PEARSON



Motto

"Have all the fun you can, in all the ways you can,
just as long as you can."

Colors

Olive Green and White.

LIZZIE BLANKENSHIP - - - President

MEMBERS

LIZZIE BLANKENSHIP
DUDLEY TUTWILER
FLORENCE HARRIS
MARIANNE GRUBBS

EINNAN HERNDON
ELIZABETH PRIDE
LOUISE MURPHEY
MISS FRANCES WILLIAMS



The Moving Finger writes, and having writ,
Moves on: Nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.
Russet.

Das Ende Ist



The Seniors have vanished in cap and in gown;
Diplomas and flowers are weighing them down.
Exams. and commencement are things of the past;
Vacation and summer have reached us at last.

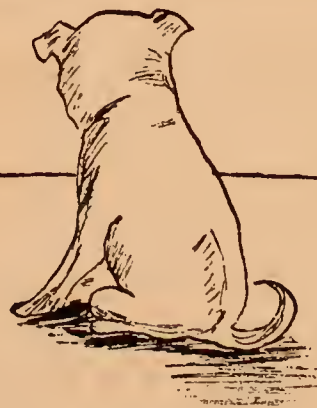
No time now for frolic and fun-making jest;
I must pack up my trunk and leave with the rest.
I've put in my dresses and most of my books,
My pictures and racket and clothes from their hooks.

But I can't get it locked, and the train is now due;
I'll just strap it, and hope that 'twill get through.
Good-by, little room, sweet haven of rest,
Dear friend of my joys and my tears if confessed.

Alma Mater, farewell; farewell each loved spot.
I'll never forget thee, whate'er be my lot.
The train's distant whistle now warns me to come.
Good-by, dear old college; glad greeting, sweet home.

RESOLVED
THAT WE WILL
PATRONIZE ALL
WHO PATRONIZE
US.

THE GIRLS.



ESTABLISHED 1829

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Our Stationery Department is unexcelled in its excellency of workmanship and materials. Our artists are skilled in their line, and an order entrusted to us is an assurance of elegance and refinement, and that it will be correct in every detail. Your order for Invitations, Calling Cards, Stationery, Monogram Dies, Book Plates, Crests, and Coats of Arms will receive prompt attention, as all work is done on our premises under our own supervision. Samples mailed on request.

SPECIAL Box containing 100 sheets of paper and 100 envelopes of our fine "MODERN LINEN," stamped with single or two-letter monogram die **\$1.50**

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ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

Dresses for Commencement Exercises

A most elaborate collection of White Lingerie Dresses. Paris and New York's best designers are represented.

We've all sizes and all styles for your selection. Coat Suits of summer weight; Woolens, Silk, or Linen. Separate Skirts of Voile, Panama, and Fancy Weaves. Muslin Undergarments of every kind. Shirt Waists of Silk, Linen, Lingerie, or Lawn. Belts, Gloves, Corsets, Neckwear, Hosiery.

You'll find Saks' the place to shop, prices reasonable, and styles the best. If you cannot come in person, send us your mail order. It will be given our best attention

RAILROAD FARES
REFUNDED THROUGH
THE REBATE BUREAU

LOUIS SAKS
Clothier to the Whole Family
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

RAILROAD FARES
REFUNDED THROUGH
THE REBATE BUREAU

Shop in Birmingham at

Steele-Smiths



*Birmingham's Fastest-Growing
Department Store*

"Never a Day Without Its Bargains"

Amzi Godden Seed Co.

Cut Flowers

CHOICE FLOWERS FOR ALL
OCCASIONS

Phone 41

Birmingham, Ala.

LUNCHES



Oyster Loaves and
Sandwiches
Quickly Put Up

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1926 FIRST AVENUE

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

The very best of eatables that can be obtained, combined with
unexcelled service and good cooking,
demands your patronage

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PEOPLES PHONE 860

The Knox Studio

416 NORTH 21ST STREET

NEW
GROUND FLOOR
BIG LIGHT
MODERN EQUIPMENT
EXPERT OPERATORS

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

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is as essential to business as water is to the growing crops; as irrigation is to the land requiring water, so the BANKS are the great irrigating channels through which money is furnished to the business community.

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Our BANK is owned and controlled by active business men.

We pay 3 per cent on time deposits.

Farmers & Merchants Bank

C. O. JOHNSTON

G. L. SHERRILL

Johnston-Sherrill Hardware Co.

HARDWARE
BUILDERS' MATERIAL
STOVES



TELEPHONE 74

ATHENS, ALA.

McGehee Furniture Co.

FINE FURNITURE
CARPETS, RUGS
AND DRAPERIES

Exclusive Patterns

McGehee Furniture Co.

DECATUR, ALA.

Joy Floral Company

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Cut Flowers



Out-of-Town Orders Solicited

The Limestone Democrat

Limestone's Leading Newspaper

The **Democrat** is the leading newspaper in Athens in circulation and influence. An Ad. in its columns is read by the people of both town and country. We have a well-equipped Job Office in connection, and turn out neat work at moderate prices.



R. H. Walker, Editor and Proprietor

Poems, New Novels, and Stationery ☞ Pictures,
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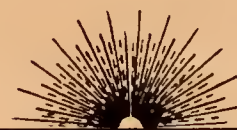
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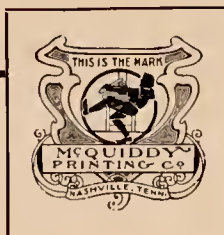


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